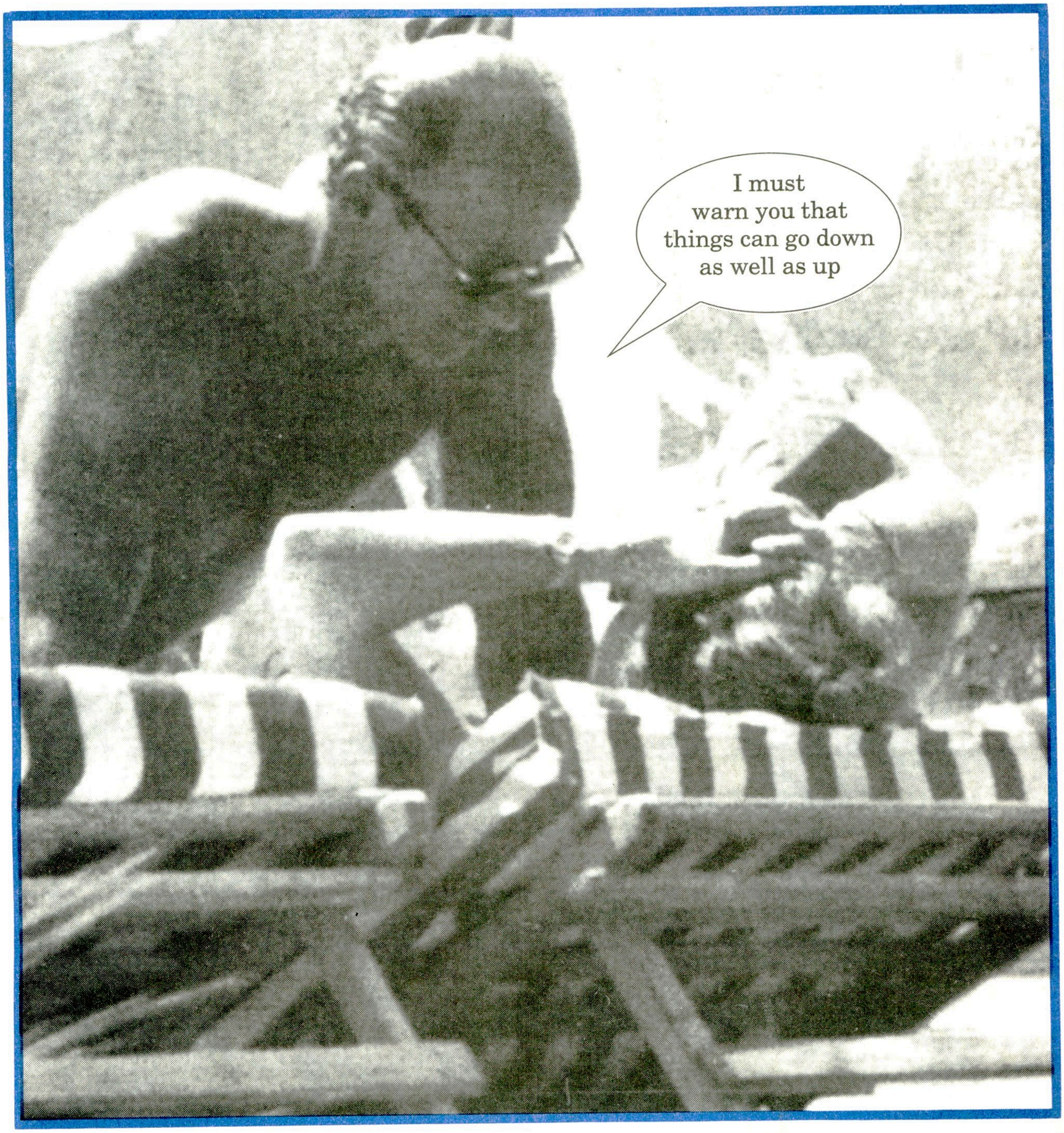
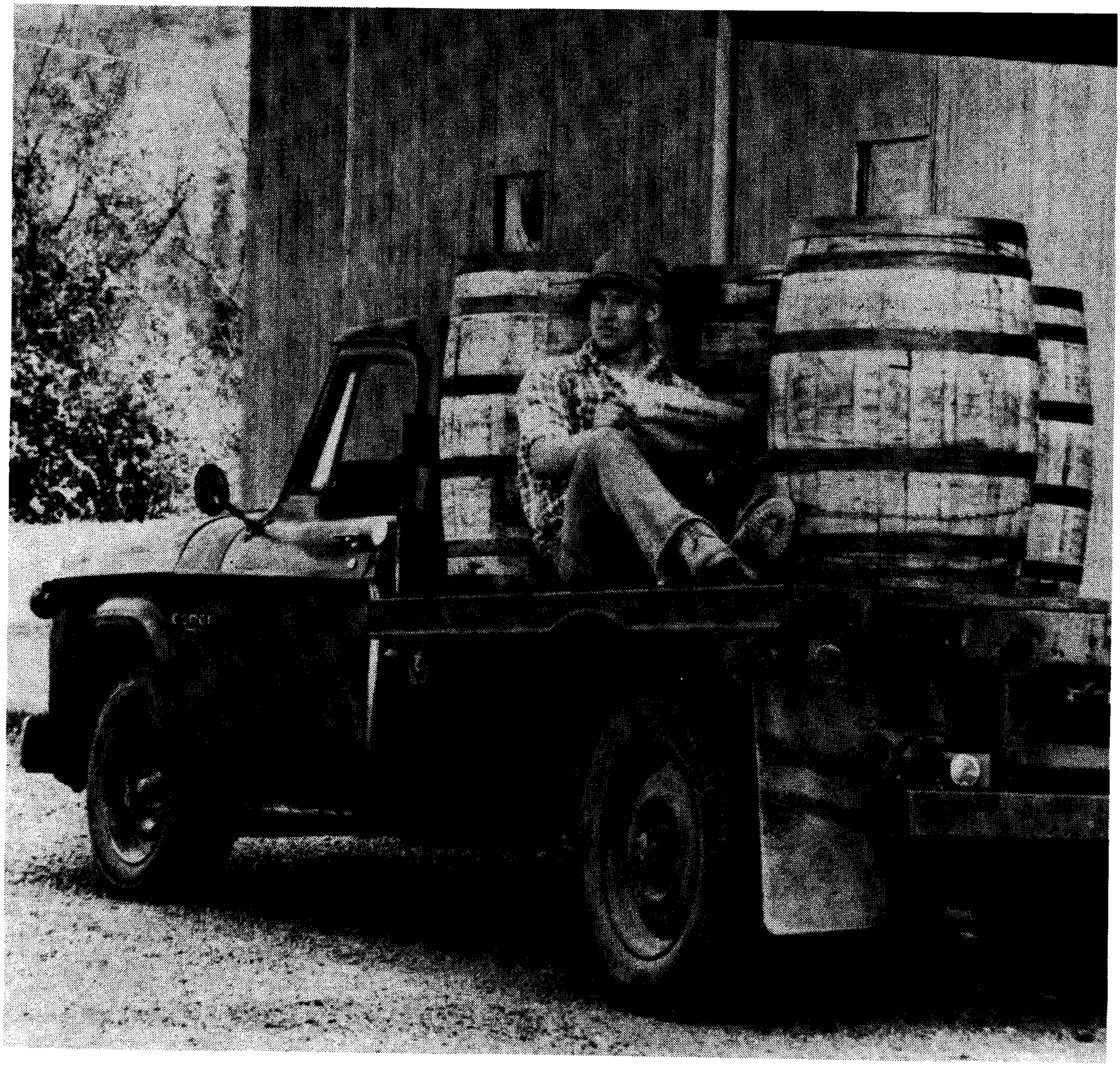
PRIVATE EYE

No. 801
Friday
28 Aug. '92

80p

FERGIE'S FINANCIAL ADVISER





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It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today.

But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

If you'd like to know more about our unique whiskey, write to us for a free booklet at the Jack Daniel's Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee, USA.

Gnome

I CONTINUE to be amazed at the economic illiteracy of this country's newspapers. The last week has proved beyond any reasonable doubt that the majority of so-called analysts have absolutely no idea of how the financial system operates. I have therefore decided, with the assistance of my financial adviser, Ms Rita Chevrolet, to offer a short course for any confused journalists.

- The pound is low because the economy is in recession.
- The pound must be strengthened by putting up interest rates.
- Putting up interest rates will keep the economy in recession.
- This will make the pound high again.

The number of newspaper specialists who fail to follow the logic of this argument is extraordinary.

Some of the more irresponsible of them are even claiming that we are going through a sterling crisis: though the very reason we joined the EMS was so that there could be no more sterling crises.

It seems that, yet again, these self-appointed experts have forgotten the most elementary rule of economics:

Don't criticise a Conservative government.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
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Deutschmark House
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COLOUR SECTION

MUCH mystery surrounds the "heavy guns" used by the Serbian army in Yugoslavia with many people wondering how such a small neutral country could get hold of such sophisticated military technology.

The point has been made with some force by Alan Clark, the former minister for defence procurement, who for reasons still far from clear did not stand again at this year's election. Writing in the *Evening Standard* on 18 August, he poured scorn on all those (including his heroine Margaret Thatcher) who want British troops to be packed off to Yugoslavia. He asked pointedly: "Do the troops take heavy weapons?"

No one knows better than Clark about the arming with heavy weapons of what used to be Yugoslavia. Its political and geographical position made it the ideal dumping ground for "laundering" arms contracts to "illegal" countries like Iran, Iraq and South Africa.

Gerard Bull, the designer of the supergun and a string of effective long-range guns, had a special office of his company SRC in Belgrade. Whenever contracts got into difficulty with their governments or with busybodies from peace conferences or the United Nations, the order came down: "Move it to Belgrade".

When the Belgian arms company PRB was sold in 1989, its pellets contracts were switched to Yugoslavia; and when the PRB production line in Brussels was blown up by saboteurs later that year, all the work went to Belgrade. Naturally, the Yugoslav government wanted a *quid pro quo* for turning a blind eye to all the illegal arms trading. It settled for the technology which it devoted to manufacturing the heavy guns that now pulverise Sarajevo.

AS PREDICTED in the last *Eye*, the central problem for George Bush in his attempt to secure votes by bombing Iraq is that more may come out about how he, his party and his intelligence agents helped supply Saddam Hussein with arms.

Rather embarrassingly, just as the *New York Times* leaked Bush's vote-catching plans (*Shurely: "...reported his deep concern for the plight of the Shia marsh Arabs"? Ed*), congressman Lee J Hamilton, a Democrat who represents Indiana and is chairman of the Middle East sub-committee of the house foreign affairs committee, reiterated his demand for a full public inquiry into breaches of the arms embargoes to the Middle East by companies whose support for the Republican Party has been as enthusiastic as their connections with the CIA (former director: G. Bush).

Even more embarrassing for Bush's friend John Major, one of the examples cited by Hamilton concerns a potential breach of the US embargo by a British company, one of whose directors was the current minister for arms procurement, Jonathan Aitken.

The company was BMARC, a subsidiary of Astra, whose factory was in Aitken's Kent constituency. The contract in question was for the British company to arm Westland helicopters with Hellfire missiles from the Rockwell Corporation; with Hydra 70, a rocket system, and with the GCAL 50 Gatling machine gun which can fire up to 3,000 rounds a minute.

This vast display of weaponry was to have been supplied under licence by the US companies, but very secretly, so as not to alert people like Hamilton who are sensitive to US arms exports to the Middle East. The armed helicopters were then to be sold, as part of the huge Al Yamamah government-to-government contract originally negotiated by Margaret Thatcher, to Saudi Arabia.

The contract was never consummated, chiefly because priority was always given by the British Government to its favourite company, British Aerospace. Early in 1990, in the panic of the approaching war with Iraq, the chairman and managing director of Astra, who were not connected with MI5, MI6 or the CIA, were given the boot in a boardroom coup organised by the main investors, chief among which was 3i, chairman Sir John Cuckney. Cuckney was chairman of Westland when the first plans were laid to load the helicopters with US-made weaponry.

Jonathan Aitken left the board of BMARC in the spring of 1990. The companies went into receivership and were flogged off cheap to British Aerospace. One man who welcomed the sale was Douglas Hogg, foreign office minister and MP for Grantham, home of the BMARC engineering plant. The factory, predicted Hogg, faced a "bright future" under its new owners. Mr Hogg has been less forthcoming about the recent decision to close it down with the loss of another 140 jobs in Margaret Thatcher's home town.

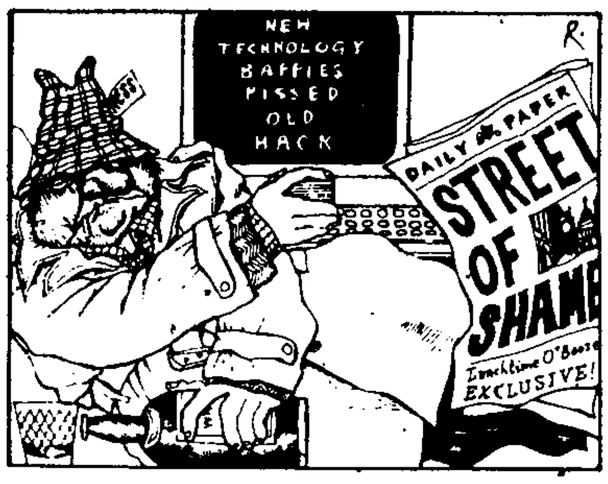
ACCOUNTANCY NOTE: The department of trade inspectors appointed to investigate Astra and BMARC are Colin Rimer QC, who was at school with Peter Lilley, the secretary of state who appointed him, and John White, a senior partner of Peat Marwick. Peat Marwick gets an honorary mention in the recent controversial book on accountancy by Terry Smith. As auditors for British Aerospace, Peat's used seven of the standard cosmetic devices for making accounts look better than they are. The White/Rimer report is expected to criticise Astra — a former competitor of British Aerospace — for its accountancy practices.

THERE have been many press references to "lawyers" acting for the intrepid sucker of the Duchess of York's toes, but fewer to the identity of the lawyers. Step forward Peter Carter-Fuck (*sic*) and Partners.

Their failure to procure from Mr Justice Latham an injunction to stop the *Daily Mirror* publishing the photos represents for the firm of the Grand Old Man of British Libel Millions the second big setback in a month (cf the Jani Allan fiasco).

As is so common with Fuck and Co, its lawyers did not go down without a fight. The weekend before the photos were published, they were telling inquiring hacks that all the fuss and bother was ridiculous. Their client, they were positive, had "never had a sexual relationship with the duchess".

MAJOR'S 'FINANCIAL ADVISER'



FOR some months the *Eye* has chronicled Conrad Black's eccentric attempts to turn himself into the new Cap'n Bob — organising a disastrous stock-market flotation, trying to buy the New York *Daily News*, etc. Now he has acquired two other Maxwellian habits: squeezing newsagents' profit margins, and bringing heavy-handed lawsuits against obscure magazines which dare to criticise him.

Until 1990, national newspapers allowed retailers a "discount" of 28 per cent on their cover price. Then Cap'n Bob, desperate to raise money ahead of the *Mirror* share offer, trimmed it to 26.5 per cent — and, in spite of protests from the trade, every other paper followed suit. This month, following the flop of its own share offer, the *Telegraph* suddenly announced that, in future, newsagents could keep only 25 per cent on its Saturday editions.

The trade magazine *Retail Newsagent* was outraged. "Don't touch it with a bargepole," it urged its readers. "This Saturday take the *Telegraph* off sale or watch as every other publisher jumps on the bandwagon and newsagents across Britain lose many more millions — just as they did when Maxwell slashed his terms, coincidentally by the same margin."

The moment Black heard of this editorial he raced down to the high court and persuaded Mr Justice Parker to slap an injunction on *Retail Newsagent* under the restrictive trade practices act getting the entire issue withdrawn.

So isn't *Retail Newsagent* allowed to express its opinion? It seems not. For the company which owns the mag is in turn owned by the National Federation of Retail Newsagents, which is still bound by a long-forgotten 1973 injunction under which it cannot incite its members to boycott any particular publication.

According to Parker's ruling, this ban also applies to the federation's members and agents. Thus, if a couple of newsagents were to meet in a pub and discuss whether to stop selling the *Sun*, or whether to handle free newspapers, they would technically be in breach of the injunction. The rest of us can say what we like about Black's squeeze, but the people affected are legally obliged to shut up and accept it.

Understandably, the Montreal Moosehead's conduct has not endeared him to the trade. To add insult to injury, it is only three months since the *Telegraph* launched a campaign to "help newsagents become more professional", and the paper has recently been putting up fascias with the slogan "Support Your Local Family Newsagent". As one former *Torygraph* editor might say: shome mishtake, shurely?

***DON'T keep juries in the dark*, implored a recent *Sun* headline atop an article by John Kay.**

The hack had reported how Simon Berkowitz had been convicted for handling a stolen document and acquitted of stealing the document from Paddy Ashdown's solicitor because the jury was not told of his hundreds of previous burglary convictions — many of them from solicitors' offices.

The *Sun* reporter appeared to be in little doubt that it would be better if juries were fully informed about the criminal records of defendants. In that spirit the *Eye* feels it only fair to remind readers that a few years back John Kay was convicted of killing his wife.

"A HEAVY scent of power and lilies" was the headline over an article in the *Financial Times* (14 August) about Eve Pollard, editor of the *Sunday Express*.

Around a photograph of la Bollard in her ludicrously luxurious office looking over the Thames, the *FT* contrived a piece of *arslikhan* of the most slobbering variety.

The editor put herself forward (and was accepted) as "aggressively feminine" and even a bit feminist. "You know how awful men are," she told her (female) interviewer. "I can't just talk like this. I have to assert myself and say this amplified 17 times or they don't listen."

Can this possibly be the same Eve Pollard who, when editor of the *Sunday Mirror*, commissioned an interview with a former boyfriend of Julie Ward soon after she had been brutally slaughtered in the Masai Mara of Kenya, and while her father was desperately trying to find out why and how?

The interview suggested Julie Ward was a loose woman who gave herself to anyone who asked and who, after all, probably got what she deserved. And can this be the same Eve Pollard who, when Julie's father travelled to London for an explanation, boldly left the tricky interview to her (male) deputy?

As for the *FT* heading, perhaps it was intended to recall the words of W. Shakespeare: "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

PITY the *Observer* hacks attending this year's Conservative conference in Brighton. They will be staring privation in the face.

They have all — including the great Alan Watneys and Adam Raphael — been told that they cannot stay at the Lonrho-owned Metropole hotel even though, like other Lonrho employees, they are entitled to a 50 percent discount.

The *Observer* is losing so much money it can't afford to patronise this celebrated outpost of Tiny Rowlands' Libyan empire, even at half price. A select list of B&Bs is being circulated.

DESPITE such cheeseparing, the dying Sunday is planning to spend an astonishing £2 million to revamp the dismal colour magazine that nobody reads.

It is edited by Simon "Pussy" Kelner (*Eyes passim*), who receives a salary equivalent to those of all the *Observer*'s other employees put together. But despite his big salary, Kelner still doesn't like spending money.

Impressed by an obituary in the *Daily Torygraph* of Lord Moynihan, Kelner phoned the *Torygraph*'s obituaries editor, Hugh Montgomery-Massivesnob, to congratulate him and suggested that they should meet. Breakfast at the Savoy was agreed, and the meeting went ahead with Kelner scoffing a huge plate of food. He then thanked his guests for coming and left them to pay the bill.

Meanwhile at the local *Observer* wine bar, Beaumonts, Kelner has been in the habit of running up large bills in order to impress colleagues — and then approaching proprietor Roger Beaumont for, er, generous receipts to reclaim on expenses.

Beaumonts went to the wall recently and *Observer* hacks organised a modest whip-round. When asked if he wished to contribute, Kelner's response was terse: "No way. We give him enough fucking money anyway."

"And from now on there will be no hiding place for the Mafia"

IN THE *Sunday Times*'s Paper Round column on 16 August, Brian MacArthur analysed the July figures for national newspapers issued by the Audit Bureau of Circulation.

He noted that sales of the *Sunday Express* had risen by 12 per cent since the end of June; that the *News of the World*, *Sunday Mirror* and *People* were all falling; that the *Independent on Sunday* was up slightly while the *Telegraph* was down. Nothing too spectacular, however.

Oddly, he failed to mention the one truly dramatic change in the July figures: that, in the space of just one month — a month when it was running extracts from Andrew Morton's book and Joseph Goebbels's diary, both acquired at vast expense — sales of the *Sunday Times* plummeted by 99,637 copies.

A friend of Serena's said: 'David has talked of marriage. She feels she is still rather young and he does have a long

Turn to Page 3, Col 1

Daily Mail

A HUGE headline dominated page 3 of the *Daily Mail* on Friday 14 August: "The Man From the *Guardian* Wrecks a £415,000 Jaguar."

Beneath it was a gloating account of how a *Grauniad* motoring hack, John Samuel, had burned out a car engine by changing into first gear at 100 mph. The accident happened at an Austrian race-track, where he and a dozen other hacks had been invited to test-drive the new Jaguar XJ220. The story, which ridiculed the hapless Samuel as an incompetent oaf, was written "by *Daily Mail* motoring correspondent Michael Kemp, who returned his test car in perfect working order", as the paper smugly noted.

For some old hands this brought back memories of an occasion in the mid-1960s when a party of hacks travelled to the Geneva motor show in the new Triumph Spitfire Mark 2. On a road in northern France the *Daily Sketch*'s motoring correspondent, a certain Michael Kemp, lurched on to the verge and rolled his Spitfire over at 80 mph. The car was a complete write-off.

Could the blunderer from the *Sketch* be related to the author of last week's holier-than-thou piece in the *Mail*? Michael Kemp admitted to the *Eye* last week that it was indeed he.

"I expect," he added sadly, "you'll take the piss out of me."

VIRGINIA BOTTOMLEY sent junior health minister Tom Sackville to visit a children's hospital in Sheffield, a city where feelings about the organ donor scheme are running high after the deaths of two patients within 48 hours.

Cystic fibrosis sufferers Kate Harvey, aged nine, and Gale Staley, 21, both from Sheffield, died in Leeds hospitals because no heart-lung donors had become available. Their parents and the doctors who treated them have all called for the scrapping of the current "opt-in" system whereby people carry donor cards. They want an opt-out system instead, where everybody is a donor unless they carry a card to object.

Rejecting their call, the sensitive Mr Sackville filled out a donor card himself — thus revealing that he did not already carry one. He then unveiled the Government's response to the chronic shortage of organ donors — a clause is to be put on new driving licences. The fact that it won't affect children, non-drivers or those with licences already seemed to have escaped him.

The whole sorry affair is reminiscent of the alternative donor card which circulated in the late 1970s, which included the additional clause: "My organs are not to be used for a member of the Tory party".

THE web of supporters who have kept Roy Hattersley in his Birmingham Sparkbrook constituency for so long is beginning to unravel as his departure approaches.

It begins with the Mirza family — headed by Sabir Mirza, membership secretary of Sparkbrook branch Labour Party and chairman of the secretive British Kashmiri Association.

The family came to prominence in 1984 when two of Sabir's sons, Selim Akhtar and Arshad Mahmood, beat up prospective city councillor Amir Khan for fear that he would expose what was described in court as "Mirza's exploitation racket" if elected.

The deterrent failed and Khan was elected — so Mirza took over the local Labour Party instead, with his sons in hot pursuit: Selim Akhtar is ward chairman and Mirza's other son, Khalid Mahmood, is a city councillor and was constituency secretary during Fattersley's last reselection. Selim, a car valeting contractor, is an organiser for the EETPU which dominates the union votes in the constituency.

It is pure coincidence that Mirza's political rise has coincided with the channelling of huge city grants to the British Kashmiri Association which he founded. And it is also coincidence that the BKA numbers Mirza's family among its employees: Khalid Mahmood was on the pay-roll as BKA co-ordinator until he quit to sell air-conditioning in Kuwait. His sister, Mrs Naheed Kausar, is a "project worker"; Selim is the secretary and his uncle the treasurer. Mirza is chairman and controls the whole caboodle.

His latest scheme is to create the "Sparkbrook International Centre" in a former school at a cost of several millions. It has been warmly endorsed by senior Labour councillor Albert Bore. His wife, Najma Hafeez, is just one of those hoping to succeed Fattersley.

DEBRA ISAAC, who writes the City diary in the *Times*, celebrated the promotion of Labour MP Alastair Darling to the shadow treasury team with a brief profile.

"Darling, 48... entered the Commons in 1979, the first year of the Thatcher government, and his potential was quickly spotted," she revealed.

Er, not quite. Since Darling was born in November 1953, he is unlikely to be 48. And nor was his parliamentary potential spotted "quickly" after 1979 — not least because he didn't actually enter the Commons until 1987.

So who is Debra Isaac, the hackette who is so well-informed about politics and the City? Her own rise has been even "faster" than that of Darling: until a few months ago she was a secretary at a London literary agency.

THE NEW Tory member for Leeds North East, solicitor Timothy Kirkhope, is hoping to obtain a sizeable sum in libel damages from BBC local radio producer Chris Walmsley, who stood against him for the Liberal Democrats at the last election.

During the campaign Walmsley was approached by *Grauniad* hack Martin Wainwright, who told him that his Tory opponent was so confident of victory that he had been instructed to campaign for the party in Scotland.

Walmsley sent out a campaign newsletter repeating this suggestion and saying that it showed contempt for Leeds voters. When informed that the allegation was untrue, Walmsley duly apologised in his next newsletter and Kirkhope went on to retain the seat with an enhanced majority.

Since then Walmsley, in conjunction with his election agent and printer, has received a libel writ from the egregious Kirkhope. Walmsley has graciously offered to donate £1,200 to Kirkhope's favourite charity, but this offer has been rejected.

The Liberals cannot afford to defend the action and Walmsley faces the loss of his home to pay the damages and costs, while his agent and printer also face ruin. Nor can Walmsley declare himself bankrupt: to do so would disqualify him from standing for Parliament in the future.

FATTY HESKETH, government chief whip in the House of Lords, has been receiving generous double helpings of publicity recently, but not all of it good.

The one favourable bit of puffery appeared in the *Spectator* courtesy of Simon Heffer, the magazine's pasty-faced deputy editor.

Of far *more* interest was the attack on Hesketh that appeared in the same magazine by Jeanne Hesketh, Fatty's former sister-in-law.

The delectable Jeanne was married to Fatty's younger brother, Bobby. But before the marriage, the odious Fatty had decided Jeanne was not really suitable as a sister-in-law. Of Irish-French extraction, she was brought up in Australia and, as is common in those parts, her parents had simply forgotten to get married. This info was gleaned after Fatty set private detectives on to her.

Jeanne may be forgiven for feeling unhappy about this vulgar intrusion into her personal life, but at least she has had one consolation. She knows that she's not the only bastard to have graced the Hesketh family.

IN Glasgow Govan, where unemployment is among the highest in Scotland, the only man with *two* jobs is Labour MP Ian Davidson, who deposed the SNP's Jim Sillars at the election.

Davidson's other job is as Labour councillor for the same seat on Strathclyde's Labour-run regional council.

Cynics have suggested the only reason Davidson tackles such an obviously arduous role is not the — heaven forbid — money, but because the Labour hierarchy in Scotland won't let him quit the council job for fear the SNP should win the marginal seat back.

WHILE John Major and his minions talk of the need for "more open government", the department of employment is trying to hush up a scandal in which one of its high-flying civil servants has been ripping off the department for thousands of pounds.

The fast-stream mandarin, who until recently worked closely with undersecretary of state Patrick McLoughlin, has now been mysteriously exiled to Sheffield.

He was caught submitting false invoices for overtime, claiming anything up to £5,000 a month when he should have been claiming roughly a fifth of that amount.

The man has had to put his London flat on the market, acquired from the proceeds of his false claims, in an effort to repay his masters; and his pension has been stopped for the time being.

The DoE, meanwhile, pretends to the outside world that nothing improper has happened.

'Backbiter'

GYPSY NEWS

ROBIN Leigh-Pemberton, governor of the Bank of England, may soon be welcoming new neighbours to his agreeable 2,000-acre estate near Sittingbourne, Kent: eight families of gypsies, or travellers as they are known, and their dogs.

They will, if Kent county council gives the go-ahead, occupy a tiny patch of Mr Leigh-Pemberton's land at Milstead, just off the M2, which has been earmarked for an official gypsy site.

If the plan is approved it will almost certainly be followed by a compulsory purchase order. While the local council, Swale, is not hostile, the county is loaded with backwoodsmen who can be expected to be less friendly.

Indeed, the county council has deferred a decision and sent the proposal on to a sub-committee. When it reports next month it will surprise no one if some spurious excuse is found (the Government's current discussion paper, for example) to enable it to avoid having to fulfil its obligation to provide sites.

With all the dull City types Mr Leigh-Pemberton has to speak to every day, he is no doubtg looking forward to having new neighbours who can bring a real dash of colour into his otherwise grey existence.

Bankers

MR MARTIN BURKE works at a mission hospital in Malawi and has done so for the last five years.

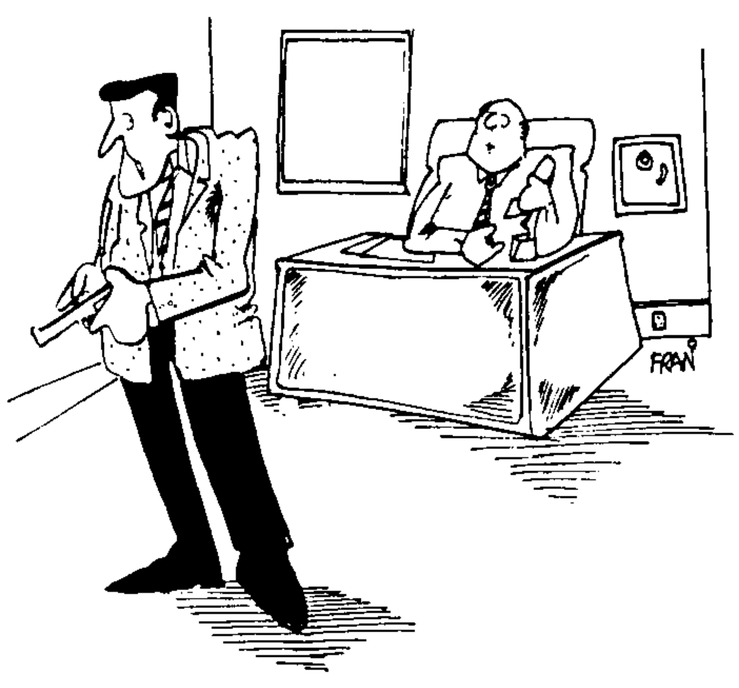
He regularly cashes cheques with his local bank there, drawn on a National Westminster account in the UK at Kenton in north-west London.

In November last year he wrote a cheque for £100. From past experience he estimated that it would take roughly a month before it was presented in Kenton for clearance. Realising that his funds were running low, a week earlier he had written to his TSB branch in Dublin requesting it to transfer £300 to his NatWest Kenton account.

For some reason the cheque from Malawi reached the NatWest in a record 15 days, and Dr Burke's account became overdrawn by the grand sum of £6.25.

Predictably the NatWest did the decent thing — it immediately bounced the cheque, sent it back unpaid and slapped charges of £35 on to the account (the transfer from Dublin came through the very next day.)

This caused Dr Burke some embarrassment in Malawi, where the bank had cashed his cheque in good faith, and he had some explaining to do. Happily banking practice is somewhat more enlightened in Malawi than Kenton, and the bank's grasp of good customer relations was such that it invited Dr Burke to its Christmas party.



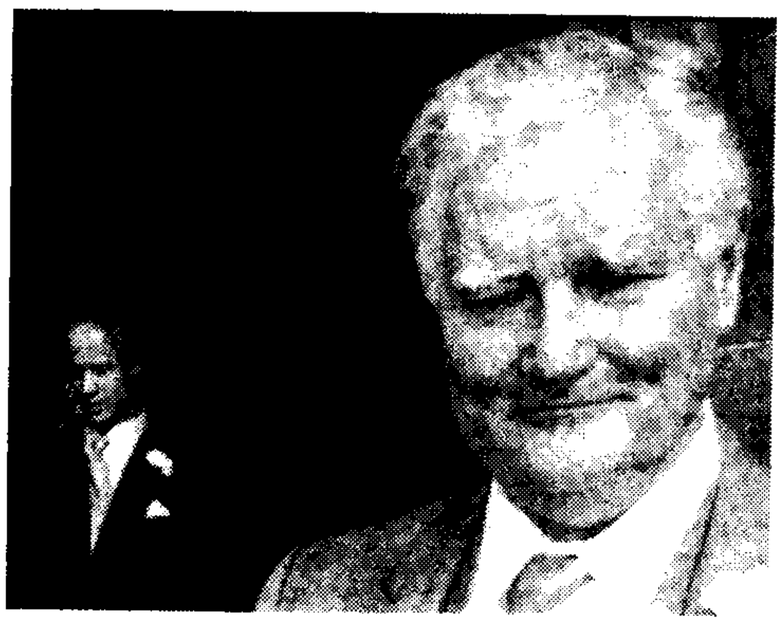
"007, it's British Telecom. They want you to start using the prefix 98"

I WAS amused by the reluctance of Lord Rothermere's newspapers to print anything unflattering about my friend Johnny "the Nose" Bryan, until his holiday snaps meant that discretion was no longer possible.

Last Tuesday, two days before the pictures were printed, the *Evening Standard* was about to run a feature hinting that Johnny and Fergie were having an affair; but the article was spiked, on Rothermere's personal orders. Even on the very morning the photos were splashed in glorious Technicolor all over the *Mirror*, the *Daily Mail* ran a two-page article saying what a splendid and gentlemanly fellow Johnny was.

Could this, perchance, have anything to do with the fact that he enjoyed a long affair with Geraldine Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere's daughter? Surely not!

Nevertheless, I am surprised that no one has commented on Johnny's closeness to the Harmsworths. My photo shows him emerging from the wedding of another of Rothermere's daughters, Camilla, hot on the heels of the viscount himself.



● *INCIDENTALLY, I noted with interest that one of the Mirror's holiday snaps showed the Nose and Fergie "sharing a cigarette". The focus was so poor I couldn't see what brand it was, nor whether it had a filter. But whenever I have stayed with him at his weekend cottage in Painswick, Gloucestershire (which he rents from the exotic Detmar and Issy Blow [sic]), I have found that Johnny prefers "roll-your-owns", which he fills with a herbal mixture of his own devising.*

FLICKING through a young friend's record collection, I come across an old album by the depressing chanteuse Dory Previn, recorded after husband André teamed up with the then comely twentysomething, Mia Farrow.

One song in particular caught my intention. In it poor Dory wails: "Beware of young girls, Of twenty and four..." Presumably Ms Farrow, 47, now feels the same way.

● *THE PRIVATISED water monopolies, butt of so many cruel jokes about huge profits and foul-tasting "product", are at last spending their money on something really useful: hospitality boxes at Twickenham, home of English rugby.*

Five private monopolies have, I learn, bought such boxes; one company being so desperate that it paid more than £100,000 over the going rate.

Wild horses will not drag the names from me, as I believe shareholders and consumers will be well-served by these purchases. What better place is there for the water monopolies' fat directors to discuss hose pipe bans than on Twickenham's hallowed turf?

Pseuds Corner

The church has failed, education has gone to pot and the family doctor has disappeared so people turn to myself and Princess Diana.

BARBARA CARTLAND
The Times

Languishing in plush solitude, Diana resembles a whole series of melancholy pre-Raphaelite heroines painted by Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais...

Diana's conflict with her husband's friend has Graeco-Roman echoes unusual for the British royal family: Diana, a fierce Italian goddess of the woods, versus Camilla, Virgil's Amazon, the militant Volscian horsewoman...

Diana's sole contemporary as an international pop diva is the second Madonna, who, like Diana, expresses herself best through dance, the universal language. Both Diana and Madonna have trouble with words, which fail them in public...

Very beautiful people have an autoerotic quality plainly visible in the Diana pictures, which border on kiddie porn. The young Diana, in boots and creased, crotch-tight overalls, leans back against a fence rail in an attitude of solicitation normally associated with boy prostitutes. We see a good deal of the ample developing bosom and a great array of peekaboo shots in towels and bathrobes, including one in a Paris hotel bed. Aquatics offer all the charms of semi-nudity, and so we repeatedly watch Diana diving or posing, with the precise leg position of Botticelli's Venus, at poolside.

CAMILLE PAGLIA
Guardian

At nights we use to walk on the beach after dinner. The moon was always out on the water, and one night I said: "I wish I was a kite flying over the waves," and he said: "Why not be a wave?" I thought: "Oh my God, this man is a poet."

CYNDI LAUPER
Independent on Sunday

EMPTYING THE CHAMBER POT

Alone in Llewoh, in one of a handful
of cabins (circa 1906) scattered

around the lake, we slept deeper,
animals hibernating, pressed

together for warmth, I stirred once
to squat over the pot,

my sudden stream hitting bottom
broke the seal of quiet.

In the morning, you kindly offer,
but it's mine — this piss pool,

stagnant, in the white chamber pot.
I carry it, steady, down the stairs.

Piss proud, I walk out of the kitchen,
thick with its coffee smell,

and before I toss it from the rock
the summer occupants have marked

I admire, once more, its color —
the bronzed yellow of fallen leaves.

MARIANNE BURKE
New Yorker

CONTRIBUTORS: David Putnam, Michael Cowell, M. Rutherford, Anne Drake.

£10 paid for entries

THE death of Viscountess "Bubbles" Rothermere was marked by gushingly sycophantic obituaries in the *Evening Standard* and the *Daily Mail*, both of which are owned by her husband. But at least one *Evening Standard* reader was unimpressed by the paper's description of her wit, charm and generosity.

He was Archie Berens, one of milady's many former chauffeurs. In a letter to the *Standard* he recalled the first time he was employed by her, in 1987.

"She kept me waiting for two hours outside her front door, then emerged clutching the inevitable bottle of bubbly and shouted at me because I wasn't wearing a suit. I informed her that I hadn't had time to change into one because she had been desperate for a driver with white skin, and all the other suited drivers working for the company employed by the *Daily Mail* were black.

"Later in the journey she repeatedly yelled at me because she was so 'f...ing late', as if it had been *my* fault that she had taken two hours longer to get ready. Things never improved. All the drivers at the company would draw straws to see who had to drive her on any given evening. Nobody wanted to. Delightful company she may have been to the people she wanted to impress, but to her employees she was rude, overbearing, foul-mouthed and ungracious."

Strange to relate, the letter was not published.

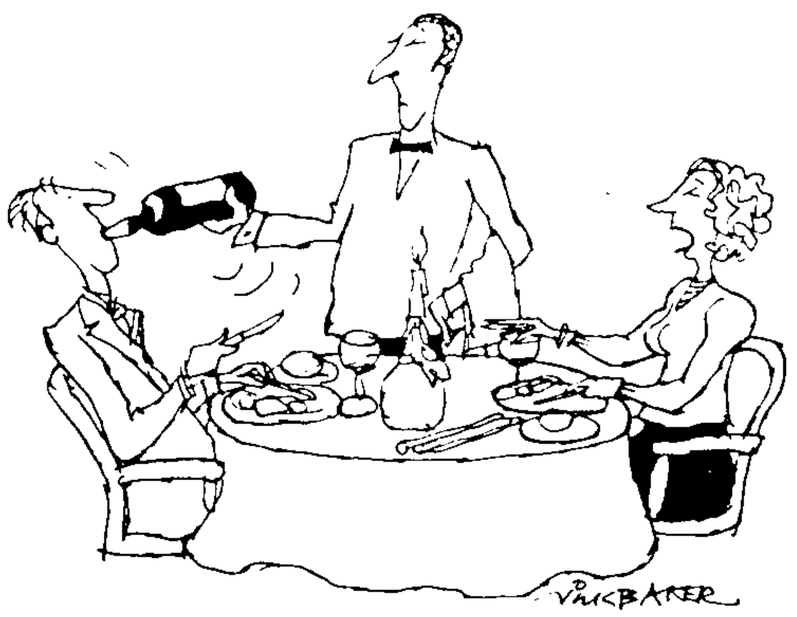
IT WAS not only Lord Rothermere's newspapers which gave Bubbles a sycophantic send-off. The *Daily Telegraph*, whose witty obituary column would normally extract the maximum amusement from such a preposterous character, was stiffly respectful. Obituaries editor Hugh Montgomery-Massivesnob clearly did not wish to repeat the gaffe he committed when the wife of *Express* chairman Lord Stevens died a couple of years ago.

On that occasion, the *Telegraph* obit reminded readers that Lady Stevens was the author of a book called *Woman as Chameleon*, in which she urged her readers to master the amatory art of toe-sucking — which has since become so fashionable. "After kissing his toes and sucking them (hopefully he has washed them)," Lady Stevens had advised, "proceed to kiss every inch of his legs..."

When Woodrow Wyatt protested to Conrad Black on behalf of Lord Stevens that the book should not have been mentioned, the supine Max Hastings duly published an apology — even though writing *Woman as Chameleon* was the only noteworthy thing Lady Stevens had ever done.

Since then house policy at Canary Wharf has been clear: when the wife of a newspaper lord dies, she can be sure of an adulatory valediction in the *Telegraph*. No doubt Conrad Black hopes that, when his new bride Barbara Amiel goes to the Great Free Market in the Sky, his rival press barons will repay the compliment.

Pip Pip!



"I do wish they'd let us decide when we want more, darling"

NOOKS and CORNERS

I WAS interested to read in a recent *Sunday Torygraph* that there is a "difference of opinion" between Lloyd's of London and its bronzed and relaxed architect, "Sir" Richard Rogers.

There are, of course, many differences of opinion over the architectural merits of his towering assembly of (now slightly dented) stainless steel components.

For the RIBA and the architectural establishment which, with the help of the late Courtenay Blackmore, so assiduously promoted Rogers's cause in getting the commission, the building is an unchallenged masterpiece: the most aggressive and exhibitionistic — and therefore the best — expression of a purely technological approach to design which may, or may not, be the future of architecture.

For the wretched underwriters who have to use the thing, of course, it is a depressing and inefficient folly. For myself, I consider it merely crude and childish: a pretentious and most unsophisticated development of certain rather old-fashioned mechanistic ideas of the 1950s. It is harmless enough — every city should have one, just one — and an inside-out assembly of toilet pods evidently gives innocent pleasure to many passers-by — providing they do not have to pay for it or employ all those men with Brillo pads who keep the steel nice and shiny.

But the present "difference of opinion" concerns money. The Richard Rogers Partnership keeps submitting invoices for "additional costs" amounting to several hundred thousand pounds which Lloyd's is most reluctant to pay. Nick Philips, the general manager of property who has the unenviable task of keeping Sir Richard's masterpiece clean and in working order, is quoted as saying: "We thought we had paid all the legitimate fees owing... I hope that Rogers will recognise that there has been a misunderstanding..."

This misunderstanding is certainly puzzling. What can these "additional costs" be? Alterations to Lloyd's since completion in 1986 were, oddly enough, not entrusted to Rogers while, although the building was certainly not cheap, problems over fees were sorted out several years ago. For, owing to a clerical error, it was discovered that the principal firms responsible for design and construction were being overpaid.

Lloyd's was built under a management fee contract which, as I understand it, means that no fee is paid on detail design work delegated to sub-contractors. When it was realised that an additional 2.5 percent in fees was being paid out, the engineers, Arups, and the contractors, Bovis, immediately recognised the error. Why then are the architects still presenting bills?

The full cost of the new Lloyd's has never been revealed. It was probably in the region of £140 million — well over twice the price of Terry's Farrell's Embankment Place building over Charing Cross Station, which is much more sophisticated and challenging structurally and rather more satisfactory in outcome.

In 1989, Rogers claimed that "the total cost of the building is equivalent to some six working days' premium income on Lloyd's market". That, of course, was when Lloyd's was still making money. But now, as we know, times are hard and the masterpiece of Britain's most glamorous knighted Labour voter has become a symbol of the failed and tarnished capitalism of the Thatcher years.

So the poor names who struggle to survive cannot be pleased to know that the annual maintenance bill to keep Sir Richard's masterpiece spick and span is in the region of £6 million. No wonder there is a "difference of opinion" about paying another half-million to the knighted architect.

'Piloti'

***MY PICTURE** shows not a masterpiece by Sir Richard but a decent little pub in Salford: the Tallow Pub in Chapel Street. As both the local authority, as well as the R.C. Bishop of Salford, manifest a highly developed antipathy to old buildings, perhaps it is not surprising that it is doomed.*

In March 1991 Whitbread Developments applied to demolish the pub to create a smart new frontage for its Cook Street Brewery which is to be converted into offices. A campaign by CAMRA, assisted by the Victorian Society, made Whitbread withdraw the application. Even so, the Tallow Pub closed last March and stained glass partitions and doors disappeared.

Soon after the building caught fire. Rather a pity, especially as it is only 300 yards from a 24-hour Whitbread security guard office. But these things seem to happen in places like Salford.

Sally Deedes

WHILE the greedy London Electricity Board encourages users to join its inflated monthly budget scheme, what happens to those whose credit rating is not up to scratch or those who are unable to pay the £100 security deposit up front?

The LEB gives them no option but to plump for a powerkey meter, which operates much like a phonecard. Those who already use them complain that they are very inconvenient since they have to be charged up at local LEB showrooms, larger post offices or at one of the 80 powercard points in and around the capital.

By definition, those who use the cards are unlikely to be in a position to charge them up with large sums of money, so recharging can mean several expensive trips out of the house.

An LEB spokesman said: "The reason we have no more coin operated machines is that the technology is obsolete and we are not in a position to update them — allocating powerkey machines we have established that no one has to travel more than three miles to charge their cards."

No more than three miles? In the middle of winter? Whatever will they think of next?

POLICE 5

PAULINE CLARE, the female assistant chief constable appointed by Murkeyside police authority (MPA) days before Alison Halford was to take "early retirement", has gone to great lengths to deny that her selection had anything to do with the Halford case.

Mrs Clare describes her appointment as "purely a coincidence" and says she will not try to become "one of the boys".

This is sound judgement when one considers that Halford's efforts to emulate the behaviour of her lesser male colleagues played a big part in her downfall. The fact that Clare is married, and thus not seen as a "threat" by the wives of senior police officers, is another significant element in the antediluvian police culture on Murkeyside.

George Bundred, chair of the MPA, dismissed claims that the authority was pushed into appointing another woman ACC as "complete nonsense".

REVELATIONS about the activities of the South Wales drug squad (see *Eye* 799) in Cardiff appear to be the tip of a nasty iceberg.

Inspector Dai Knacker apparently fears a Stoke Newington-style corruption scandal after drugs charges against a local man were thrown out of court.

The charges followed a raid on the home of Farhan Musleh, where, it was alleged, amphetamines had been found. Curiously, Musleh, who told his lawyers the drugs had been planted, was actually charged by an officer — Steven Taylor — who did not take part in the raid. By coincidence, Musleh had fought with Taylor three months earlier in a local club, the Bristol, an incident which has so far not resulted in criminal charges.

It is unclear why Knacker-Boyo provoked the court into dismissing the case by persistently failing to produce evidence. But it has nothing to do with allegations of a vendetta against Mr Musleh. And nor is it in any way connected with the fact that at least one of the participants in the raid "resigned" following allegations that he and a colleague had smoked marijuana while at a party thrown by fellow officers from the drug squad.

LUVVIES

"She was Irish and she was wild," he said. "She seemed to embody everything I wasn't. She came from a theatrical dynasty which I didn't. Acting seems to pour out of her, whereas I always felt bourgeois, very middle class, very public school.

"It was like a man who had been comfortable driving a Ford Cortina and suddenly he's sitting inside a Ferrari and it's going *whoooah*. I knew it would be dangerous and that I could kill myself, but it might be a wonderful death."

JEREMY IRONS on SINEAD CUSACK
Daily Mail

Submitted by Francis E.V. Harvey.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.

TV

Kids on Kilroy

(BBC1)

IT PROBABLY seemed like a good idea at the time. Two extra weeks of Kilroy, but with an important difference — an audience of teenagers, discussing subjects of teenage interest at a time of day when most teenagers would be out doing something more interesting.

On the face of it, it sounds inspired. But as it turns out, Robert Kilroy Silk has just experienced the most challenging and exhausting fortnight of his entire career.

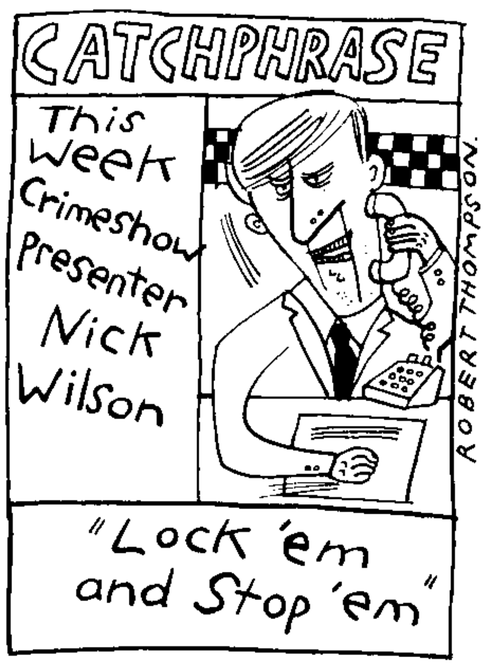
For, as is well known, Britain's most eminent daytime talk-show host, a legendary sex symbol and hero to millions of non-existent housewives, possesses what experts now believe is the shortest attention span in Europe.

No TV personality loses interest so quickly. Most of the time, fortunately, he's far too professional to let it show. Backbench MPs may drone on, single-issue bores may say what they feel they have to say. But Kilroy Silk still manages to retain a facade of at least intermittent enthusiasm.

Teenagers, though, are another matter entirely and *Kids on Kilroy* stretched the legend to his limits. Perhaps it's because it's summer; perhaps it's because Kilroy Silk hasn't been on holiday for a while; but over two weeks, the teens' ceaseless torrent of bilge and drivel managed to erode even his remarkable powers of concentration.

Throughout the series his discomfiture was palpable. While his guests either said nothing, being too shy, or said far too much, liberally inserting the words "like" and "know what I mean?" into every sentence, the great man was forced to sprint around his studio even faster than usual, in a desperate attempt to prevent his faithful viewers from switching off.

He tried every trick. Looking interested. Resting his hand on his chin to look even more interested. Gesticulating wildly with his free hand to show he was still awake. But it was to no avail. The sheer almighty bollocks uttered by



the teens over the fortnight made *The Richard and Judy Show* seem like a haven of style and good taste.

By programmes 9 and 10, the great microphone wielder was looking pale and crumpled, and in need of a good rest. As he kneeled down to ask yet another teenaged girl why she loved New Kids On The Block, his reactions were becoming increasingly clockwork: two seconds — eyes glaze over; five seconds — juts out chin to enforce look of keen interest; seven seconds — starts fidgeting; 9.5 seconds — beginning to lose balance; 11.2 seconds — whips away microphone to talk to someone else.

Not that Kilroy Silk has ever felt entirely comfortable with trivia. This time, though, even the relatively serious shows dragged. For the show on divorce, Kilroy Silk knitted his brows, lowered his voice and tried to look serious, just as Moira Stuart does on the news when she announces that someone famous has died.

He started well, but as the show progressed you could see his attention begin to wander, his interest begin to fade. The show's length was clearly a problem. Forty five minutes is fine for a full-blown studio discussion between consenting adults, but for children who have less to say and fewer ways of saying it, it's a strain.

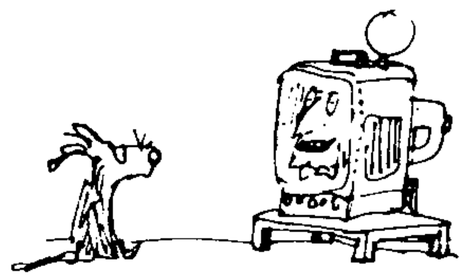
As it was, all had clearly listened to Ray Illingworth's cricket commentaries on BBC TV, for they tended to have terrible problems with repetition. Terrible, terrible problems with repetition. They repeated what they said before, and they repeated what everybody else had said before. Terrible, terrible, terrible problems with repetition.

By the end, the great man was clearly feeling his age among such youthful and energetic company. From being a lithe young father figure at the beginning of the run, he had declined to a lovable old grandpa, sagacious and reliable but utterly worn out.

Viewers could only feel for him in his terrible plight. Still, I'm sure he'll regard it as a learning experience. For after *Kids on Kilroy*, and a few weeks under a sunlamp, even the dullest of backbench MPs and single-issue bores will be a piece of cake...

'Old Couch Potato'

MEDIA NEWS



CAN any public figure now talk safely on the telephone? A man was remanded in custody in Belfast last week accused of using a scanner to intercept phone calls.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary has been decidedly unhappy about this sort of thing ever since the UDA handed out tapes of Stormont minister Richard Needham referring to the then PM as "that cow" Thatcher.

Similar legal sanctions exist against scanners in the rest of the UK, although whether they would ever be used against, say, courtiers out to put the knife into a renegade princess, is debatable.

BSKYB, having invested millions of pounds in tying up and promoting its exclusive live coverage of the new football Premier League, must be embarrassed by the shortage of satellite dishes and receivers in some high street shops.

Dixons has been particularly hard hit due to problems with its sole supplier, Amstrad. But perhaps the shortage, combined with English football's up-and-under mundanity compared to the Italian variety, which will be broadcast free on Channel Four from September, will show millions of football supporters that they can survive quite well without an endless TV diet of Liverpool, Man Utd, Everton, Arsenal, Spurs and Leeds.

IN A RECENT broadcast of *In the Psychiatrist's Chair* on Radio 4, Dr Anthony Clare asked TV presenter Jeremy Beadle about his deformed hand:

Clare: *Is that Jeremy Beadle's first practical joke, I sometimes think, because you must be watching how people will react.*

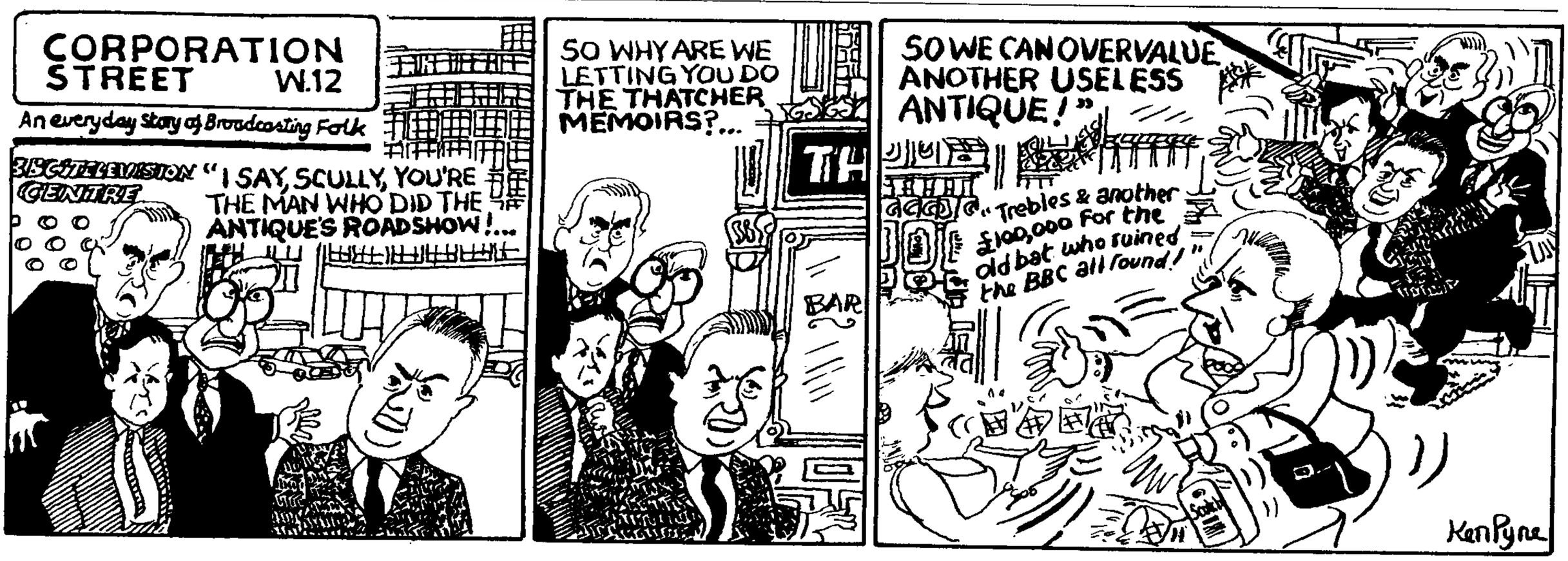
Beadle: *Er, yes, I'm always, I mean, I'm quite open about it, I just sort of shake hands and I, I see in their face or their physical reaction that they suddenly recognise something's not right here and there's a little frisson, a little shiver, and then they desperately try to cover up the embarrassment by not looking at my hand but naturally it's like a, you know, a really bad Irish wig...*

Clare: *How did you cope with the taunts, what did it do to you?*

Beadle: *Well... you know, you... it's water off a duck's back, you know, er... the times I was shocked if they made it a joke, but I didn't actually retaliate...*

Apparently Beadle's memory is a little defective. In February 1991 the *Independent* carried an item by Jim White describing Beadle as "the smarmy beard who has made a career of low-rent practical jokes (his favourite is offering his deformed right hand to shake)." This so stung Beadle he decided to retaliate by instructing solicitors to sue the *Independent* for libel.

Beadle received £10,000 damages for the suggestion that he offered people his deformed right hand to shake as a practical joke, and the legal costs amounted to £5,000.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
BBC TELEVISION CENTRE
"I SAY, SCULLY, YOU'RE THE MAN WHO DID THE ANTIQUE'S ROADSHOW!...
SO WHY ARE WE LETTING YOU DO THE THATCHER MEMOIRS?...
BAR
SO WE CAN OVERVALUE ANOTHER USELESS ANTIQUE!"
"Trebles & another £100,000 for the old bat who ruined the BBC all round!"
Ken Pyne

JUST FANCY THAT!!

"The Oxford Story faithfully recreates the city's past, when Oxford's medieval inhabitants apparently travelled the streets in slow-moving mechanical desks, looking at shop window dummies of Lewis Carroll in a bad wig."

A STAB IN THE DARK, 7 August 92.

"The Oxford Story realistically recreates the authentic historical past of the town, when all the inhabitants travelled the streets in slow-moving mechanical wooden desks... looking at shop window dummies of Lewis Carroll in a bad wig."

THE END OF THE ROADSHOW, Radio 4, January 1992.

NABILLA KASHOGGI, daughter of the world's biggest arms dealer, has made astonishingly rapid progress in Britain's nonexistent movie industry.

Just weeks ago the *Eye* revealed how the enigmatic beauty had taken her first tentative steps into the costly world of films by setting up her own production company in London.

Now it appears that Ms Kashoggi, not content with being a mere producer, has become an actress as well and has won a part in a feature film, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, currently on location in Kent.

Usually actresses are cast before the shooting begins, rather than midway through, and more often than not the have some formal training and an Equity card. But Nabilla did look *lovely* in last week's *Hello* magazine and, no doubt, fellow cast members like Nanette Newman and Gemma Craven will accord her a warm welcome to her new profession.

Great things are expected of the film, due for release at the end of the year. No doubt Tiny Rowland, a chum of Nabilla's dad, will want to run a glowing cover story about it in his Lonrho house journal, the *Observer Magazine*.

VAL "Yardie" McCalla, wealthy publisher of both Britain's mainstream ethnic newspapers (see *Eye* 798), is to be sued for racial and sexual discrimination.

The case is being brought by a male Asian hack, recently sacked from his job on the newsdesk of "Yardie's" female and Afro-Caribbean dominated tabloid organ, *The Voice*.

Henaan Bhatti was unceremoniously fired by vice-editor Winsome "Gormless" Cornish, who told him to clear his desk and get out of the building right away, helpfully offering him a rubbish sack in which to put his possessions. Bhatti, supported by the NUJ, is bringing an unfair dismissal case.

Meanwhile in a desperate attempt to raise flagging sales of the "upmarket" black broadsheet, *The Weekly Journal*, news editor Samantha Harding has been unceremoniously separated from her job.

HACKWATCH No 28: Jonathan Miller

JONATHAN MILLER, no relation to the good doctor, is a Murdoch protégé of American extraction who surfaced in London in the mid-1980s as the media correspondent of *The Times*. Since his interest in "deregulating television" seemed almost as obsessive as that of Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill himself, it was no surprise when, soon afterwards, Miller became media editor of the *Sunset Times*.

When "Brillo Pad" was put in charge of Sky TV in the run-up to its 1989 launch, the faithful Miller went too, as Sky's director of public affairs.

Now Miller has rejoined his master back at the *Sunset Times*, where since February he has been writing a television column called "Behind the Screens". At first it was subtitled "News and gossip by Jonathan Miller"; in May it became "News and comment by Jonathan Miller"; more recently, it has been "News and analysis by Jonathan Miller". In fact, there is neither gossip nor analysis: the column is largely composed of Murdoch-style attacks on the terrestrial channels and shameless plugs for satellite TV.

Oddly enough, in the seven months Miller has been peddling this drivel, the *Sunday Times* has never once thought fit to inform its readers that he was until recently a senior executive of Sky TV. Perhaps the paper thinks his allegiance is all too obvious anyway:

9 February: Attacks Channel 4's breakfast programme ("The message has finally penetrated through to Channel 4 that nobody is watching"). Plugs Sky News's breakfast programme, *Sunrise* — which, presumably, everyone is watching. Plugs a new Australian serial, *Chances* ("boldly going where no soap has gone before... makes *Neighbours* look like a vicarage tea party"), which — surprise! — is to be shown on Sky One.

16 February: Attacks the BBC: "Viewers are deserting *That's Life*, Esther Rantzen's tired-looking flagship on BBC1... fewer than 7 million viewers..." Neglects to add that this is more viewers than any Sky programme has ever achieved.

1 March: Attacks the BBC for being "immune" to criticism. Meanwhile, Miller brings the glad tidings that Sky programmes "are taking a 28.3 per cent share" of the audience in those homes with satellite dishes. "Bart, Lisa, Homer and Marge Simpson are the firm favourites of the multi-channel audience," he notes. Other Sky programmes plugged include *Cops*, *Hart to Hart* and *Unsolved Mysteries* — each of which, he breathlessly reveals, was watched by at least 400,000 people in the week ending 9 February.

8 March: Attacks "Esther Rantzen's struggling *That's Life*", which achieved "a dismal 6.1m viewers in the ratings on 8 February" (a mere 13 times as many as Sky's fabulously successful *Cops* or *Hart to Hart*). Attacks BBC's "feeble" publicity staff. Attacks BBC's *Caught in the Act*. Notes that "satellite and cable television continue their seemingly inexorable growth".

22 March: A public service announcement: Miller warns his readers not to buy squarials (which "will become useless at the end of this year") but to get an Astra dish instead so they can watch... super soaraway Sky.

29 March: Attacks the BBC's "tedious" sitcoms. Attacks the BBC for giving "free promotion" on air to the new *BBC Holiday* magazine. Attacks London Weekend Television for not allowing independent producers to sell shows to the big networks and then sell the same shows "to cable and satellite channels".

5 April: Attacks the BBC for employing "public school-educated university graduates". Meanwhile, a new BBC show, *999*, is an excuse for another plug for his fave channel: "Sky One is already getting good ratings with its imported US reality series called *Cops*."

19 April: Attacks Glenda Jackson for refusing to give an interview to Sky News on election night. "Neil Kinnock, John Smith, Roy Hattersley, Robin Cook, Gordon Brown, Bryan Gould and John Prescott all appear regularly on Sky News," he comments, huffily. "Glenda, apparently, knows better." Meanwhile, good news: Sky dish-owners will soon be able to pick up CNN.

26 April: Attacks ITV's spring and summer programmes ("poorly scheduled and unappealing to younger viewers"). Plugs BSkyB's Comedy Channel, and several other new Astra satellite channels which will all be "receivable on a standard satellite dish".

3 May: Attacks the BBC for propping up the European Broadcasting Union, "an anti-competitive cartel".

31 May: A unique occurrence: Miller rebukes Sky. It seems that even Sky's "best friends" (Sid and Doris Miller) are beginning to grumble that, after three years, Sky One has not yet produced a single minute of original drama."The verve and flair of Sky's sports and news programmes and the solid value of its film channels contrast sharply with the stuff on Sky One... Sky's viewers are a loyal bunch: they have put up with the sneers of the chattering classes and many among the media to embrace the new service. They deserve better from Sky One."

To compensate for this amazing outburst, Miller hastily attacks the "dismal" and "pitiful" offerings from ITV and the BBC: "ITV never has a bad idea that the BBC won't rush to copy." That's more like it.

14 June: Sky is, it seems, quite forgiven. "With at least three new satellite stations planning to hitch a ride on Astra before the end of the year, viewers should be prepared to dig ever deeper into their pockets to pay for the explosion of new programmes." Better still, BSkyB "is now likely to launch its own 'gold card' service before the end of the year. This would put together Sky Movies, the Movie Channel and Sky Sports (to include Premiere League football) for a monthly charge of around £20." Hurry, hurry.

28 June: And the plugs keep coming... "Fans of the World Wrestling Federation, the American muscle-opera whose members choreograph their moves with as much care as the Royal Ballet, will want to run, not walk, to their nearest ticket agent to book seats for Summerslam, which comes to Wembley Stadium on 29 August. The event will be broadcast by Sky on 31 August."

12 July: Great news. Sky boss Sam Chisholm "has been on a buying spree in Los Angeles to freshen up Sky One's schedule with four new series from Spelling Entertainment, the makers of *Beverley Hills 90210*."

9 August: Attacks the BBC ("feeble and preposterous"). Plugs TV Asia, a satellite channel for Britain's Asian community, which "has done a deal with BSkyB to handle encryption and subscription management... Price: £11.99 a month or £99 a year if paid in advance". Does Miller get a percentage of the loot? He certainly deserves it.

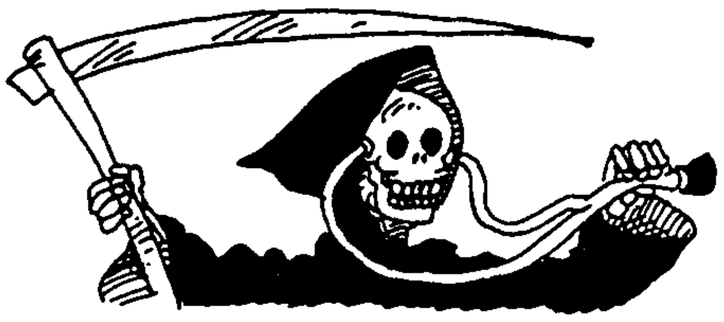
MUSIC & MUSICIANS

NIGEL KENNEDY, oafish violin virtuoso, has gained an unwelcome reputation for slipperiness among fellow musicians arising from his failure to ensure that six musicians contracted to accompany him in a special concert series were paid.

In December 1990, the six were booked by David Stirling to appear in four performances with Nigel Kennedy. They were told that EMI would be recording a video and CD of the event, and that they would receive a basic fee of £100 per show (cellist Christine Jackson and harpist Nicola Broke would receive an extra £50 for appearing in solo items with Kennedy), plus £50 per session in rehearsal fees. The musicians had also been enticed by the promised £1,000 fee for the video, but EMI decided not to go ahead with it.

The souvenir programme for the four evenings, entitled *Kennedy — A Monster Bash* sung the praises of "a collection of highly gifted individuals, each chosen by Nigel... all recognised in their own right..."

Eighteen months later the musicians have still not even received their basic fees.



DOING THE ROUNDS

CATHERINE "Hatchet" Hawkins, the South West regional health authority manager (*Eyes passim*), was recently involved in the selection of the new director of the Health Advisory Service (HAS).

Hot favourite to head this monitoring agency which has wide powers to investigate standards of care of the mentally ill and elderly was the internationally respected Professor Elaine Murphy from **Guy's NHS trust.**

Instead Miss Hawkins installed Dr Richard Williams, a young consultant child psychiatrist from her home patch, **Bristol.**

The job involves diplomatic but determined handling of health authorities and senior health workers across the country. HAS reports often provoke intense media attention in hospitals and services found lacking (eg Broadmoor, East Staffs and Trafford).

Early word is that the incoming director has agreed that in future the service will only go where it is asked to by ministers or where it is invited by health authorities and trusts. No longer will all hospitals for the old and mentally ill receive an in depth three-week review by an independently appointed team whose reports go to ministers, the House of Commons and the press.

This should suit the new-look non-accountable NHS as it winds down long-stay hospital provision and palms it off to volunteers, privateers and social services departments under "care" in the community reforms.

● IN **LONDON**, all staff at the **Kingston hospital NHS trust** received a £50 post-election result bonus — except the senior managers. They magnanimously awarded themselves £2,000 each. The total pay-out of £100,000 is now being clawed back by service reductions in the cash-strapped trust.

● HARD TIMES too at **Edgware** and **Barnet** general hospitals, part of the new **Wellhouse NHS trust** where chief executive Laurence Irvine has asked his directors to make a "4 percent cost improvement".

Loosely translated this means weeding out NUPE "trouble makers", replacing skilled staff with unskilled and cutting back on gardening, transport and catering (a process referred to by Mr Irvine as "natural wastage"). No mention has been made of managerial cutbacks.

The Wellhouse trust (known locally as the "Shithouse") is already £3 million over budget and having trouble finding purchasers for its services. There isn't enough linen to go round (although the privatised linen service is providing crisp new lemon-coloured sheets to private patients only), and communal televisions are being replaced by pay-for-view bedside mini-sets (only £2.50 a day to squint at a three-inch screen). The trust propaganda sheet *Shithouse World* is asking staff not to make so many cups of tea — to save on electricity.

● AT **ST GEORGE'S hospital**, south-west London, the League of Friends' room at the end of the cardiac ward has been seconded by management and tastefully converted into a smoking room. The League of Friends is now homeless, shortly to be followed by the hundred occupiers of health authority houses in Maybury St, SW17, which are to be demolished to make way for a new car park for St George's.

● AT **DUNOON** general hospital on the **Cowal** peninsula, **Argyll and Clyde health board** has decided not to replace the single retiring surgeon and has asked local GPs to take over all emergency services.

The loss of surgical services is likely to mean 40 redundancies and is particularly dangerous in view of Dunoon's position: surgical patients would have to be transferred either 70 miles by road, crossing the "Rest and Be Thankful Pass" (800ft drop and often closed by snow or wind); or by crossing the stormy two-mile Clyde estuary (Atlantic gales permitting). Western Ferries, a free enterprise firm, is being forced to cross in impossible conditions to carry urgent cases which could easily be handled at Dunoon if the hospital were better equipped.

● DENTAL reforms, which require dentists to seek approval for all treatments costing more than £225 from non-practising dentists sitting in a darkened room in Eastbourne, continue to cause havoc.

Not only are many elderly and housebound patients having to go without dentures (*Eye* 800), but children requiring more than one brace (virtually the norm) are being delayed for months. Gorgeous, pouting Mrs Bottomley insists that only 3 percent of treatments fall into this category, yet it is these treatments that are most urgent and which the Government is reluctantly obliged to fund in full.

● MR NEVILLE GUY, former manager of **Good Hope hospital, Sutton Coldfield,** has received a £30,000 severance payment as "compensation" after his failure to secure trust approval lead to his swift departure last year. Elsewhere, **South Birmingham health authority** has been ordered to cut the costs of running its hospitals by £6 million. Finance director Martin Davies claimed this debt had accumulated despite "balancing the books". The **Royal Orthopaedic hospital** and **Birmingham Accident** hospital now face closure.

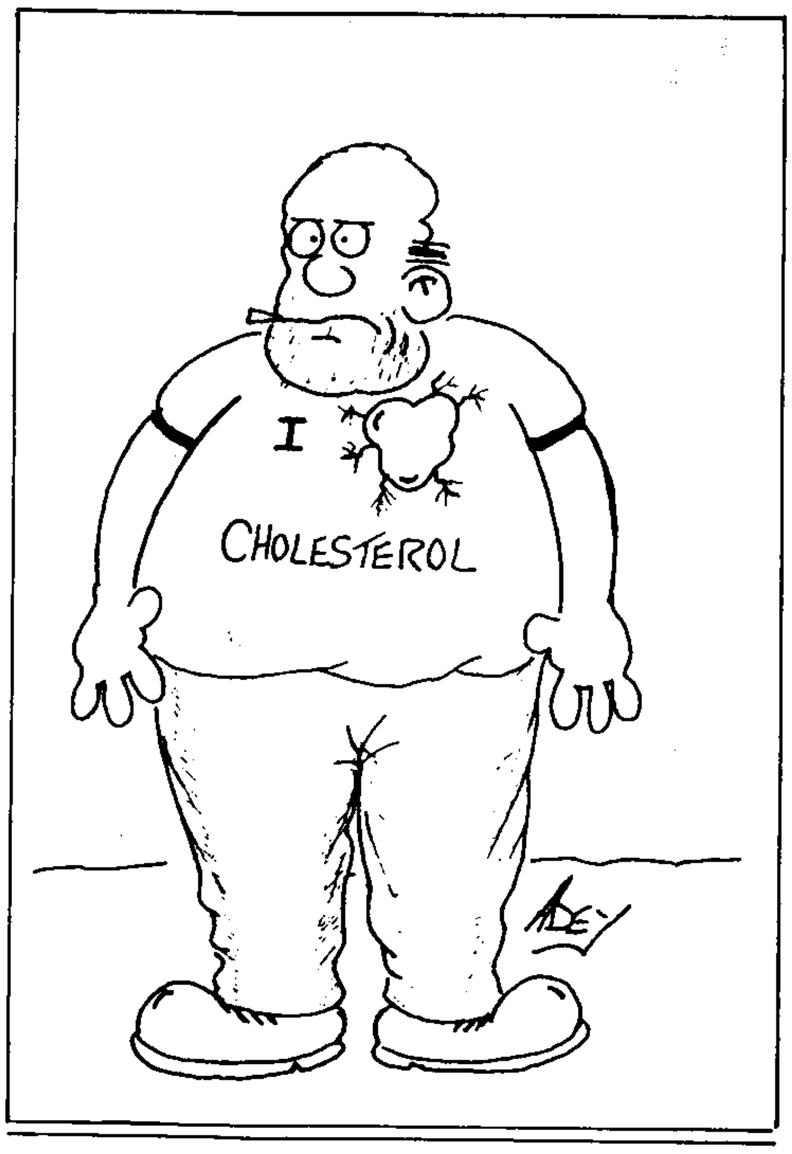
● THE London borough of **Bromley** is trying hard to conceal discussions with **Bromley area health authority** over the future use of land occupied by the redundant **Orpington** hospital. Although the land has been zoned for housing under the unitary development plan, the authority favours selling out to a supermarket chain.

M.D.

HOSPITAL JOB CUTS

The Royal London has a four million pound defecation has not been able to attract enough patients to cover its high costs.

The Asian



WORLD OF MAGAZINES

GRAYDON Carter, getting to grips with the task of editing *Vanity Fair*, has been eagerly signing up new writers. One name that caught his eye while leafing through the *Indescribablyboring Magazine* was that of Richard B. Woodward.

Carter asked the magazine's editor, Alexander Chancellor, who happened to be visiting New York, what he knew about this Woodward chappie. Chancellor, ever the hands-on editor, knew absolutely nothing about him and so telephoned one his underlings in London for details.

Carter was somewhat embarrassed to learn that Richard B. Woodward had come to the attention of the *Indescribablyboring Magazine* because of his brilliant contributions to, er, *Vanity Fair*.

NO SOONER had the article on Lynn Barbar's departure from the *Sindie* appeared in the *Eye* than arch rival Val Hennessy was clamouring desperately for the she-elephant's job.

Describing herself modestly as "a freelance journalist", the highly-paid *Daily Mail* book reviewer bashed out a begging letter to Richard Williams, sinister editor of the *Sindie*'s pretentious supplement, seeking work.

With Barbar packing her trunk for *Vanity Fair* in New York, would the *Sindie* now like to run pieces by the great Hennessy, the original killer bimbo interviewer?

No we wouldn't, came the swift reply from Williams, so curt it could have been a stock fuck-off letter to any aspiring unknown from the *Accrington Compass*.

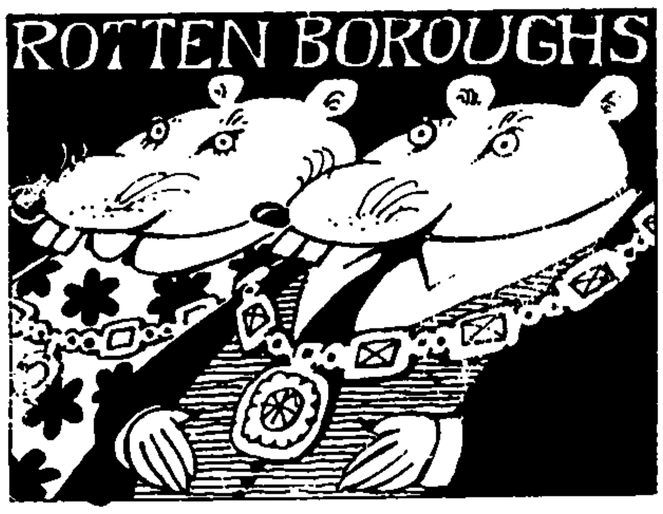
Gobbling handfuls of Valium, la Hennessy tried to put a brave face on the huge rebuff. "As if I'd write a letter begging for *her* job," she shrieked down the phone. "I'd rather have my toenails pulled out by a tribe of deranged gay bikers from Mars. Really! It must have been a hoax."

GUY SWARBRICK, editor of the absurdly huge monthly *Personal Computer World* (whose current issue has more than 500 pages), recently sacked one of his top columnists, David Morton.

Imagine Morton's surprise, then, on opening the mag's September issue, to find his by-line and photograph still in their usual place on the "Straight Talking" page — above a column which he had not written. Indeed, to judge by the prose style, the "Morton" column had in fact come from the pen of the editor himself.

Why, having sacked Morton, would *PCW* pretend that he is still contributing to the magazine? "We had to do what we had to do," Swarbrick commented enigmatically last week.

HUSBAND



BROMLEY

SCANDAL-ridden Bromley council (see *Eyes passim*) has instigated an astonishing terror campaign on two members of the public over an alleged poll tax debt.

Earlier this month Keith and Christine Scholefield were visited at their home in Farnborough by two men who broke into their garden and conservatory before attempting to break into the house. The Scholefields called the police, whereupon the men claimed to be employees of Bromley council, although they refused to show any identification and left.

When the police arrived the two men reappeared and claimed to work for a local firm of bailiffs, revealing that they had come to seize goods on warrants issued against a Barry *Schofield* for non-payment of the poll tax.

Assurances from Mr Scholefield that he had already told the poll tax office he wasn't Barry Schofield, that he had not been living in England long enough to warrant the £1,000 allegedly owed and that he was in any case receiving benefit from the council as Keith Scholefield met with little response. In vain he produced his passport. He also refused entry to the men on the grounds that they had invalid warrants made out in the wrong name. Although the bailiffs claimed they had a warrant made out in the correct name, they refused to produce it.

If their behaviour was odd, that of the police was even odder. They refused to check the bailiffs' warrant, admitted that they would stand by while the bailiffs used force to enter the house and that should Scholefield not comply he would be arrested for breach of the peace.

The bailiffs began to search the property for goods, ignoring the television, satellite receiver, video, photocopier and computer equipment, instead demanding that Scholefield hand over the keys to his Jaguar which they then arranged to tow away.

In desperation Scholefield offered to pay the £1,000 debt owed by his fictitious near-namesake. But the bailiffs refused to take any money and insisted that the car would be sold by auction with towing and parking fees added to the bill.

So what had Keith Scholefield done to warrant this Kafkaesque trial? Interestingly enough, Scholefield and his wife had been responsible for publishing an irreverent community newspaper called *Town Crier*, which had often been hostile to Bromley's Thatcherite political stance and had succeeded in exposing a number of council scandals.

Mr Scholefield is still awaiting the return of his car.

SHEFFIELD

NOT CONTENT with losing more than £20 million on the ridiculous World Student Games last year, Sheffield city council wants to stage another big loss-making sports event.

Councillors on the Labour-run authority have given the European Swimming Federation the go-ahead to stage the continent's 1993 championships next summer. The event will be held at the various state-of-the-art swimming pools with which the South Yorkshire city is stuffed, even though libraries, play schemes and other social services are being closed.

This time councillors acknowledge the scale of the imminent financial disaster and admit that the contract they have signed commits them to the "entire financial responsibility of the championships" at no risk to the sport's governing body.

According to the council's calculations, hosting the championships could lead to a "worst-case scenario" of £435,000 losses. Unfortunately the "best-case scenario" will still leave Sheffield ratepayers £149,000 out of pocket. Regular *Eye* readers will recall that prior to the World Student Games, the city claimed a "worst-case scenario" of £1 million. This soon changed to an "absolute maximum shortfall allowance" of £5 million. The total bill will eventually be around £25 million.

But not everyone will be out of pocket from the swimming championships. The game's European governing body will keep the TV broadcasting rights, although the event is unlikely to attract as many punters as, say, *Eldorado*. And promoter Gerry Montgomery Leisure Services is set to make nearly 20 per cent of all cash sponsorship and about 10 per cent of all sponsorship "in kind". Coincidentally, Gerry Montgomery is a former Sheffield council officer.

BIRMINGHAM

WHILE the party continues for officers and councillors on Britain's biggest local authority, Birmingham's ludicrous race relations unit knows how to push the boat out furthest.

It recently celebrated a conference it had organised at the International Convention Centre by moving nearly all its staff into the Hyatt, the city's top hotel, for the duration.

The six officers ran up a bill of £2,200 with unit leader Khurshid Ahmed even getting his laundry done. All the officers of course live locally.

Other bizarre bills included £1,517 at the Saleem Sweet Centre and a £285 bill for more substantial meals.

Happily the council did show some financial restraint. Guest speakers invited by the unit to the beano — sorry, race conference — did *not* stay at the Hyatt. They had to rough it in B&B...

LAMBETH

LAMBETH's post-Trotskyite council still hasn't got the hang of free-market capitalism and is in trouble for clumsily fixing a £2.5 million contract for its own workforce.

Having invited tenders to supply street lighting in the borough it received bids from four companies, including its own in-house direct labour organisation (DLO). Councils normally have to give out such jobs to the lowest bidder; but the DLO came in at £200,000 *more* than the lowest tender.

Nevertheless, the council's environmental services chair Janet Crook (*sic*) gave the DLO a "broad outline" as to what would be an effective bid and — surprise, surprise — it worked. The DLO put in a second tender which this time was only marginally higher than the lowest. If the new bid had been *lower*, the council could have been accused of fiddling. But such niceties did not matter — the council's DLO won the contract.

Presumably Lambeth councillors believe they can justify this fix under the rule which allows them to keep 40 per cent of a contract in-house. But that only applies when there are no other tenders.

Now a rival bidder, Hertfordshire-based David Webster Ltd, is very unhappy with the outcome of the time-consuming auction and has accused Lambeth of "cheating". Others agree: the deal is being investigated by the district auditor, the Office of Fair Trading and the department of the environment.

NORTH WILTSHIRE

COLERNE property developer Harry-the-Warmheart Chisman, who has failed to thrive at Lucknam Park (where he owns the loss-making stud farm, not the notorious Beeb hotel) is staking all on acquiring planning permission for a golf course, conveniently sited on the hotel's doorstep.

Unfortunately he has encountered strong opposition from the North Wilts planning authority, which has repented of its past failure to curb the golf epidemic (it recently approved two new courses in the immediate vicinity) and turned Chisman down flat. But he has high hopes of vanquishing the conservationist hordes ranged against him, by appealing at a public inquiry.

Chisman, whose respect for the countryside and various forms of wildlife (including Lou Manns, the untamed SLD local councillor for Colerne) is second to none, stands to make £1 million if he wins his appeal, such is the lure of golf.

The public inquiry was marked by three propitious events. Firstly the sudden willingness of the much-privatised Wessex Water company to supply the golf course's requirements from the mains (in an area which has been plagued by droughts and is understandably anxious about future water shortages). Secondly there was the equally sudden withdrawal by the highway authority, Wiltshire county council, of objections to the golf course because of its overburdening effect on already dangerous and inadequate roads. Finally, there was eloquent support from the said Lou Manns for the scheme, notwithstanding the strong opposition of the local parish council and the North Wilts planning authority of which Manns is a member.

With friends like these, the warm-hearted one is increasingly confident of victory.

MURKEYSIDE

AS THE *Eye* predicted, Murkeyside development corporation (MDC) spent £44,000 to fund *anti*-Columbus events to coincide with its Grand Columbus Regatta.

While ordinary folk flocked to the Murkey riverbank for a bit of fun, a rabble of guilt-ridden *Guardian* readers filled Liverpool university students' union far away from the main attraction. Any anti-imperialist dissidents who raised criticisms about "hush money" were howled down by the hair-shirt brigade.

Their hero was Father Jean-Bertrande Aristide, exiled Haitian leader, who gave a sermon on overcoming the differences between rich and poor. Aristide called for an end to people sitting at the top of the table while others sat underneath it. It was far better for everyone to sit *around* the table, the radical priest opined. The man of the people then promptly left the rally to sip cocktails with the king and queen of Spain and Baroness Chalker.

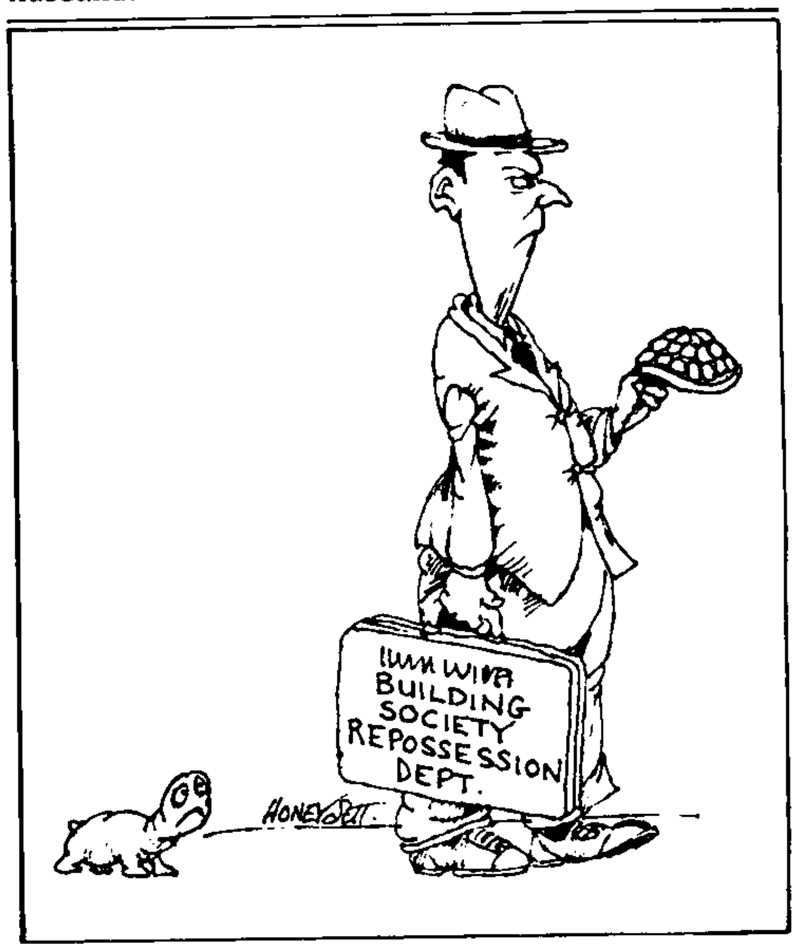
Liverpool councillor Ian Scott meanwhile put on the best alternative event of all. He became very tired and emotional during a junket on board a Spanish barque and had to be politely escorted ashore, much to the embarrassment of assembled worthies. "It's a pity they didn't throw him in the dock," one Labour colleague uncharitably remarked.

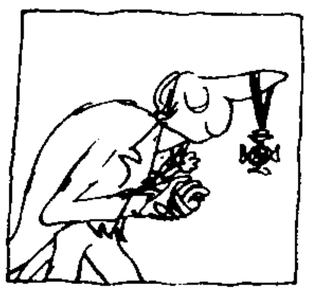
CAMDEN

IN the still socialist republic of Camden, north London, the awkward matter of Mr John Mills, vice chair of the housing committee, has finally been solved.

Impressed no doubt by the unanimous view of all lawyers consulted on the matter, Mr Mills agrees that he does owe the business rates on his basement where his firm is based, and which has been classified as part of his home. He has taken out a direct debit to meet the extra cost.

Fortunately there was no problem of deliberate deception or even fraud. If there had been, the case might have gone to the director of public prosecutions, a Mrs Barbara Mills, the councillor's husband.





Watching Princess Anne's press conference at the Olympics I was struck by the way she seems to get better looking as she gets older.

I have always thought that she was attractive but these days she has developed into a real beauty.

How I envy Commander Timothy Laurence.

Martin Fisher
Letter to Today

He [David Mellor] is the only Tory politician I know capable of saying as he did, "Have you heard Kalinnikov, no not Khrennikov, Kalinnikov; the first symphony is marvellous." For those two things I would, even if inclined to be censorious, excuse a chorus line of indiscretion.

EDWARD PEARCE
New Statesman & Society

Submitted by Anon, Anon,

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THERE are nearly 1.3 billion cattle across six continents, occupying nearly a quarter of the land and consuming one third of the cereal harvest. Cattle create water shortages and degrade vegetation. So argues an astonishing book, *Beyond Beef: The rise and fall of cattle culture* **by Jeremy Rifkin.**

Old Muck stumbled on the text thinking it no more than another global warming nonsense book. But it is far cleverer than that. The tenacious Mr Rifkin does argue that cows' farting accounts for a sizeable proportion of methane and therefore to global warming. But if you forgive that dopey view, *Beyond Beef* presents a unique appraisal of cattle farming.

Some of the arithmetic is blunt. An acre of cereal can produce five times as much protein as an acre devoted to cows. An acre of legumes (beans and their cousins — but that might mean more methane from humans) produce 10 times more per acre; and an acre of leafy vegetables 15 times more protein.

Mr Rifkin attributes many of our disorders to cattle farming and our food culture. Cow-eating humans have 10 times more colon cancer than non-beef cultures. "Modern meat is a testimonial to the utilitarian ethos. Cattle are dehorned, castrated, injected with hormones and antibiotics, sprayed with insecticides, placed on cement slabs, fed grain, sawdust, sludge and sewage until they reach market weight. They are killed, disassembled into their different parts, mixed, moulded, shaped and reconstituted."

Far more people could be fed — and fed better — if we weaned ourselves off cow flesh. He attributes the global growth of beef production to the English aristocracy, whose love for roast beef financed the American west, the Argentine and Australia. Henry Ford got the idea for assembly line production from watching the Chicago meat packers.

The over production of cattle is now fuelled by subsidy in both the United States and the European Community. The persuasive Mr Rifkin predicts red meat will be marginalised like tobacco once we understand its consequences. Isn't it funny how all agri-subjects end up on subsidies?

JACQUES DELORS proposes to celebrate the new single market horizon of 1 January 1993 by imposing a new banana regime to prevent us being tempted by cheaper better bananas.

John Gummer, our own foolish farming minister, has backed the policy insisting it is our Christian duty to limit the market to ex-British and French islands, and the economic and social affairs committee of the EC has meekly accepted the commission's report, *Bananas Working Party.*

Geest and Fyffes operate a cosy banana cartel and they have been assured only limited quotas of non-caring bananas will be allowed into Europe. The price of non-EC bananas is precisely half that of M. Delors' bananas. Why is the voice of every consumer group and retailer silent on yet another Euro-rip off?

ZOONOSIS orders continued to be issued by the silly bacteria police. Three flocks of poultry were slaughtered in the last week; and so far 336 flocks of chickens have been put to death.

The backsides of these 3,099,624 birds killed under the Government's bogus salmonella initiative can have had no bacterial difference from the bottoms of any other chicken — nor of any Min of Ag official. The notion that Mr Gummer is defending us all from the unclean cloacas of chickens is pure comedy, except for the poultrymen he is impoverishing.

He never listens, but it might be worthwhile recalling for the minister what his colleagues in the department wrote in 1989 about the salmonella scare created by Edwina Currie: "A policy of slaughtering flocks with the aim of eradicating salmonella would have no prospects for success. Salmonella is present and persistent in all environments. It is a normal part of the bacterial flora."

AN INTERNAL memo from the Argyll Group — Safeway, Presto and Lo-Cost supermarkets — has found its way to Old Muck. It endorses the figures worked out by the Consumers' Association and National Consumers' Council that the price of the average British grocery basket could be £20 a week less — £1,000 a year — if we were free to buy food from non-EC sources.

If only Safeway could create a lobby for cheaper groceries, it might generate a force that even Mr Gummer would have to listen to. But the NFU will not be happy...

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GEORGE? THEYRE TALKIN ABOUT OFFERIN' GRANTS FOR RARE BREEDS. THE RARER THE BREED THE MORE THE GRANT!
I KNOW. IVE ALREADY SET UP AN INTENSIVE RESCUE PROGRAMME FOR THE 'WITHERING RIDGEBACK'
WITHERING RIDGEBACK! THERE IS NO SUCH PIG AS A WITHERING RIDGEBACK! IT DOESNT BLOODY EXIST!
...SHOULD BE IN FOR A PACKET THEN SHOULDNT I!
BAR
WHAT PORKER?

Letters

Private Eye

Gold standard

Sir,

The previous occasion you mentioned my name in your rag you described me as "honourable". This time you called me Peter "Potty" Golds. I don't know what I have done to deserve this demotion.

Yes, it is true that we get the Brent front line staff to wear "uniform" if a jacket and council tie can be described as such. This was in response to complaints from the public who objected to some of the staff (I stress "some") looking as if they shopped for Oxfam rejects — to say nothing of the shaven heads and nose rings! It also helps the public to identify staff members.

My "outrageous outfits" at Hampstead invariably consisted of the (uniform) grey suit, and white shirt of a typical Tory. I do admit to wearing a football club tie and scarf on a regular basis.

I did indeed dress up when we did a play at Churchill Hall — but minimalist modern productions do not go down so well in a constituency which is now represented by Glenda whatsername.

However, as to my wearing dresses — never! They simply do not suit my figure.

There WAS *someone in fancy dress at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane production of* SWEENEY TODD *you mentioned (four years before the Hampstead play). She was dressed as a fat, blowzy, ugly, old witch. I am surprised you still accept her outpourings (when she can't earn the usual fiver in her normal way) without checking her rubbish first.*

Yours faithfully,
(CLLR) PETER GOLDS,

Brent Town Hall.

Wacko attacko

Sir,

You playfully stated that the "News of the Screws" took a playful bite at our rival, the PEOPLE, *for reporting Wacko Jacko's cancelled Wembley appearance as taking place "before it didn't happen!"*

You inaccurately accused us of making the same mistake on Page 33 in the "Wacko Jacko Pop Gossip Special" the same day.

If you had read our item properly, you would have realised that it didn't refer to Wacko at all but merely reported that the supporting act, Rozalla, had "wowed 70,000 fans at Wembley Stadium last night".

She did. He didn't. The show was only cancelled after her act had gone ahead and before the audience knew that Michael Jackson was not turning up.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL CONNEW,

Deputy Editor, News of the World, E1.

Mall de Metro

Sir,

Re Metrolink in Manchester, EYE *799 etc.*

Bury and Altrincham indeed have no historical connection, but then neither do say Ealing and Epping, so does that mean that the Central Line is a waste of time.

"Two best suburban lines" ?! The Bury line used trains on a unique power system using trains that were over 30 years old.

A few roads in the city centre are tram only, a lot are shared with other traffic. These tramroads or "transit malls" are not unique to Manchester.

The overall cost of £130 million is a lot of money, however your claim that it would have been cheaper to build an underground is absurd as this would pay for one tenth or about one mile of the new Jubilee line extension, which will cost £1.3 billion.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID FLETCHER,

Shipley, W. Yorks.

All change

Sir,

Surely your correspondent should not be allowed out alone if he/she is unable to operate MetroLink ticket machines which even small children can manage. However, the article was completely accurate except for:

The route maps do show the one-way platforms; only three roads are tram only; passenger usage is nearly up to target, 25,000/day from Altrincham; it DOES provide the first Victoria-Piccadilly rail link; there is advantage in the replacement trams, no need to change to get to the city centre.

I think that this qualifies for a reference for a job on the S*N.

Keep up the good work,
TOM HUGHES,

Cockermouth, Cumbria.

Back peddler

Sir,

Your account of the legal proceedings surrounding my book CHILDREN FOR THE DEVIL *is pitifully inaccurate.*

(1) You claim: I "became a regular lecturer at satanic abuse seminars". FACT: I have only ever lectured twice on the subject.

(2) You claim: I have admitted that the book's "allegations were utterly without foundation". FACT: I have stated in open court that four implications contained in one small section of a very large book were inaccurate.

(3) You claim: I suggested the book "proved the existence of widespread ritual abuse". FACT: I have always maintained I have no idea of the scale of the problem. However, successful, explicit and unequivocal prosecutions support the testimony of a number of children too young to have invented the allegations.

(4) You claim: I admitted my account of the Nottingham case "was riddled with falsehoods". FACT: I have admitted the four unintentional implications referred to above. The rest of the text concerning Nottingham — including the very clear factual evidence of ritual abuse was not challenged in the libel suit.

(5) You claim: My book "has now been pulped". FACT: It has not been pulped. Its publishers, Methuen, and I are presently discussing the commercial aspects of reissuing a revised version minus the four brief paragraphs at issue.

My book contains nine chapters and 125,000 words. It contained four wholly unintentionally inaccurate implications. Your article contains 190 words and five basic factual errors. It's sad you don't feel the suffering of small children more important than cheap inaccurate prejudice-peddling.

Yours faithfully,
TIM TATE,

Keighley, W. Yorks.

Science faction

Sir,

Re Cult Corner, EYE *798.*

I don't know what L. Ron Hubbard got up to in his spare time, though judging by the number of books he produced I'm surprised he had any. I do know, however, that he didn't find the time to write IMPERIAL EARTH, *as that was written by Arthur C. Clarke and published in 1975. Perhaps you're thinking of Hubbard's ten-volume epic* MISSION EARTH, *or the somewhat shorter, but still lengthy* BATTLEFIELD EARTH. *More accuracy, please.*

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW TURTON,

Cardiff.

The Windbags of War

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the similarity between the League of Nations, a pompous pre-war assembly of cynical windbags who mumbled impotently into their microphones while Mussolini raped Ethiopia — and the United Nations, an essential forum for international relations, where, even now, committed world statesmen are agonising over the logistical and moral ramifications of providing humanitarian aid and military protection for Bosnia. I wonder if they are by any chance related?

Yours faithfully,
CHIPS HARDY,

London SW14.

Prima dollars

Sir,

Further to Piloti's heart-rending aside in your 31 July number, "no government help is forthcoming for the Royal Opera House," what in the hell does he call the Arts Council's £19 million grant? Peanuts?

Government funding of the public lending right system amounted last year to £4,750,000, which had to be shared by no fewer than 20,203 authors, translators and illustrators. During the same year, many millions of public library users made 568,429,000 withdrawals of their work.

I groaned when I heard David Mellor confess his addiction to Wagner on DESERT ISLAND DISCS *the other day. He must obviously have less sympathy for impoverished writers than for the relatively few fat cats who frequent Covent Garden. Since you and your contributors write for a living, rather than sing or dance, one would expect you to campaign accordingly.*

Yours,
JOHN BROWNJOHN,

Sherborne, Dorset.

Hoots man

Sir,

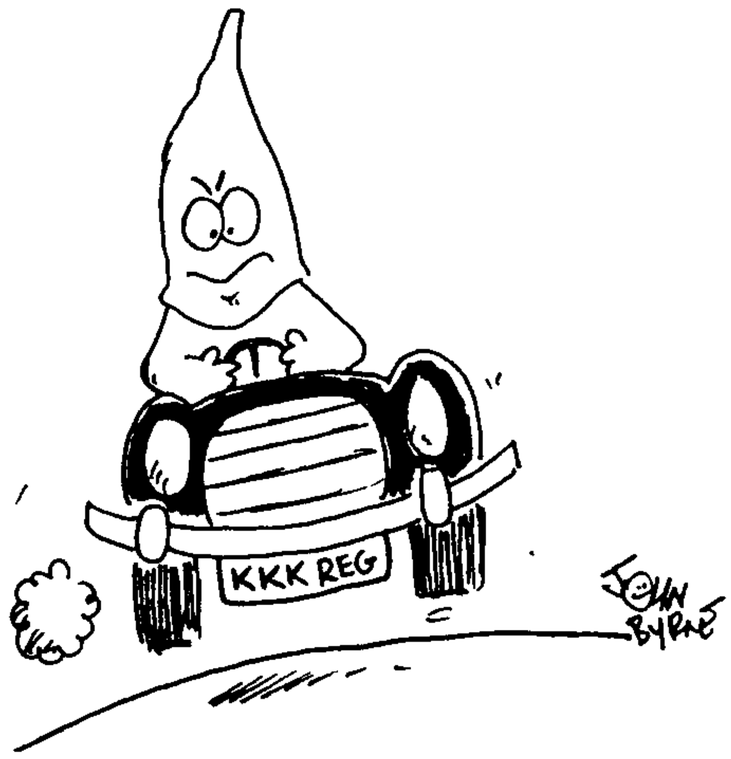
For many years my sister and I have been devoted fans of Melvyn Bragg, Bard of Buttermere and probably the finest broadcaster of his generation. We were thus sickened to see the photograph (left) reproduced in the INDEPENDENT.

Purporting to be part of an advertisement for the paper's ROUGH TRADE GUIDE *to the Edinburgh festival, it was no more than a tasteless attempt to boost sales of Mr Bragg's brilliant tome,* A TIME TO DANCE.

Here in Cumbria we revere our men of letters; and Mr Bragg has no need of finely-chiselled male buttocks to promote his fine oeuvre.

Yours faithfully,
DOROTHY AND
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

Grasmere.



Force it!

Sir,

Consumers do have a way to hit back at Thames Water monopoly's unfair donations to the Conservative Party (HP Sauce, 14 August). Simply leave a cold tap running until Thames promises to end political contributions. Any volunteers to organise a campaign?

Faithfully,
MICHAEL CROSS,

London N1.

Branch member

Sir,

Perhaps a suitable candidate for one of your Just Fancy That vignettes might be Old Muckspreader who, in successive issues, lambasts CPRE and then espouses one of its key environmental policy thrusts (loss of 90 percent of trees and hedgerows etc.) in his column of 14 August. For a minute I thought I was reading a CPRE membership leaflet.

If Old Muck is serious about environmental concerns, perhaps he should exercise some influence over the EYE*'s print buyer to switch to recycled. After all, many of the jokes in the* EYE *have been recycled for years.*

Yours sincerely,
STEVE RUDD
(NOT a CPRE member, if you wondered),

Barnsley.

Menu

Sir,

I was most offended by your cartoon on page 16 of EYE *799, featuring a rather ugly, hunchbacked, left-handed waiter. Are we supposed to assume from this that all left-handed people are ugly, that all waiters are hunchbacked, that all ugly people are waiters or that all hunchbacks are left-handed?*

Furthermore, do all restaurant diners want days off work and do all tables have funny curly legs? Were it not for the subtlety of your cartoon "Yobs" I might be mistaken for thinking that you were perpetrating offensive caricatures of disadvantaged minorities in our society, like men.

Yours faithfully,
MIKE SHEARING,

Sidmouth.

PC homo guard

Sir,

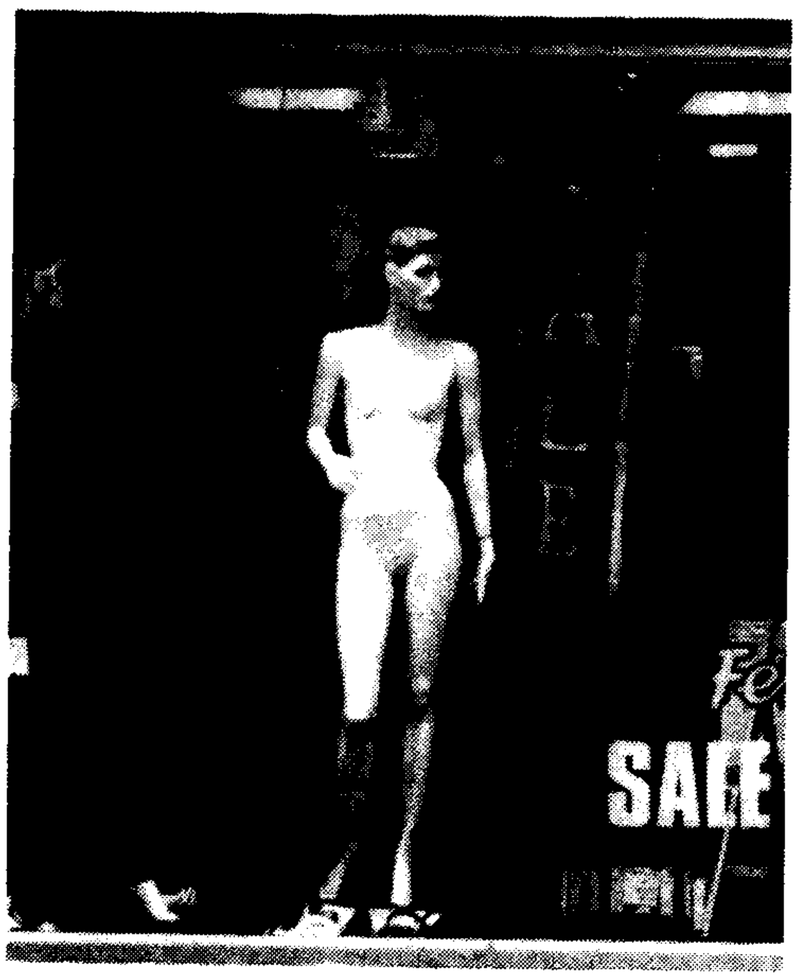
Unlike a few PC whingers, I much enjoyed your cartoon "Money, I'm home". How about this for a follow up: Similar scene but suburban wife in chair. Mousey bank clerk-type husband arrives hand-in-hand with leather-clad macho gay clone and calls out "Honey, I'm homo". That might get you a few more indignant letters from the PC home guard.

Yours,
T. BOYD,

Nr Cirencester, Glos.

I-SPY *Whitchurch, Cheshire*

Fergies



Submitted by Marcus FitzGibbon. £10 paid for similar submissions. (*SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.*)

Pertinent

Sir,

Doubtless in the brave new world that Ms Adam & Godfrey seek, such politically incorrect work as Mike Turner's will be banned, and, if published, torched in street bonfires before rejoicing crowds.

Unfortunately I will be unable to join in the celebrations as I shall by then have moved to somewhere more tolerant; Cuba, maybe, or Iraq.

Ridiculous though the idea must sound, I happen to believe that such women as the cartoon depicts DO *still exist, in large numbers, and that they are as worthy a target of satire as the male stereotypes (yobs, Garry Bloke, Snipcock & Tweed et al) that regularly grace the* EYE*'s pages.*

Honestly! Women!

Yours etc.,
ADAM KNIGHTLEY,

Brighton.

PS: On reading Rachel Godfrey's letter, I had to look out EYE *798 to check the cartoon, as I had completely failed to notice the "pert bottom and prominent breasts" that she fumes over. Does this entitle me to my official "New Man" cufflinks.*

There's no feud...

Sir,

How disappointing that the potential north-south feud, so feared by one reader in your last issue, has not come about. Might I take this opportunity to resurrect it?

What a lot of whingeing and moaning there is about house repossessions in the south-east. Serves the thick, greedy, materialistic, shell-suited fools right for spending £120,000 on shoeboxes.

How's that for starters?

Yours sincerely,
A. JOLLY,

Headingley, Leeds.

... like an old feud

Sir,

Last Sunday morning I woke to the uncontrollable chortling of my southern-born man. When I inquired as to the source of his merriment he pointed gleefully to the letter (799) fancifully describing "one of my sort" as a CLOD-HOPPING NORTHERN OIK.

I am now considering banishing him from the OIKY *bed to see if he'd prefer to **** his* CLOD-HOPPING SOUTHERN SELF.

Yours,
MS A.E. CONNOLLY
A still-proud oik (less of the clod-hopping if you please),

Putney, visiting from Chester.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The entire KLF catalogue has been deleted — suddenly and with ample warning."
STEVE WRIGHT, Radio 1
(C.E. Dowie)

"It's coming back to you like a kangaroo."
NICKY CAMPBELL, ITV
(E.C. Pearce)

Des O'Connor: *You play indoor football?*
Contestant: *Yes.*
Des O'Connor: *What is indoor football?*
Contestant: *Football indoors.*
ITV
(Richard Jolley)

"Here he comes — racing in like an express train down the runway..."
CRICKET COMMENTATOR, BBC
(The Duke of Buccleuch)

"It's a part of Spain that's forever England — the car park's full of Volvos."
CLIVE TULLOH, GLR
(Martin Bradley)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

WISH YOU WERE HERE

India

AN INDIAN journalist found guilty of defamation in an article published 15 years ago has — for the first time — been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

Mr Jawid Laiq, former correspondent with the multi-edition *Indian Express* English language newspaper group and currently employed by Amnesty International in London, appealed against the sentence this month but faces a long wait for the verdict.

In *The day of bullets and bulldozers*, published in April 1977, Mr Laiq held Mr Jagmohan — presently an MP but then head of the Delhi Development Authority — responsible for forcibly demolishing a predominantly Muslim slum in the centre of New Delhi, and resorting to tear-gassing during the internal emergency imposed by Indira Gandhi in 1976.

Quoting eyewitnesses, Mr Laiq alleged that Mr Jagmohan and Mr Sanjay Gandhi, the then prime minister's son and the brains behind the clearance operation, watched the show from a nearby hotel rooftop and brushed aside pleas to halt the bulldozing, saying they would not permit another Pakistan to emerge here.

Mr Jagmohan's defamation suit was admitted in June 1979, two years after the story appeared. Thirteen years later, magistrate V.K. Maheshwari, sentencing Mr Laiq to four months, said: "Character assassination is no less serious than a person's assassination". He was further incensed that Mr Laiq refused to admit any wrong, instead justifying the offending passages.

Hacks and civil libertarians fear the sentence may have a chilling effect on the pursuit of official accountability.

Uganda

USING refugees to staff a brothel, marooning wife and family without support in Geneva and "losing" hundreds of thousands of dollars intended for refugees might, under normal circumstances, cost an aid worker his job.

But not if that aid worker is Mr Lukika from Zaire. He was paid by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees and one of his main field's of operation was, er, Uganda.

Despite being suspended without pay, Mr Lukika of Zaire, was later reinstated *and promoted*. Because UNHCR was too incompetent to run its own disciplinary procedures, Lukika was transferred to Djibouti, where shortly afterwards $1 million of the $1.2 million refugee budget became untraceable.

In the end, when the mounting horror stories proved too much even for the thick skins of the United Nations personnel department, Mr Lukika was allowed to resign — thereby quitting with a clean record.

The secret of his charmed life was simple. African diplomats pointed to sundry Danes and Swiss who had lived the high life on UNHCR funds. It would have been blatant racism to proceed against someone who was only acting in the best traditions of the West's favourite, President-for-life Mobutu of Zaire.

Middle East

NOW that George Bush has agreed the $10 billion loan guarantees for Israel, it will be interesting to see what happens to the proposed sales of 72 F-15s to Saudi Arabia.

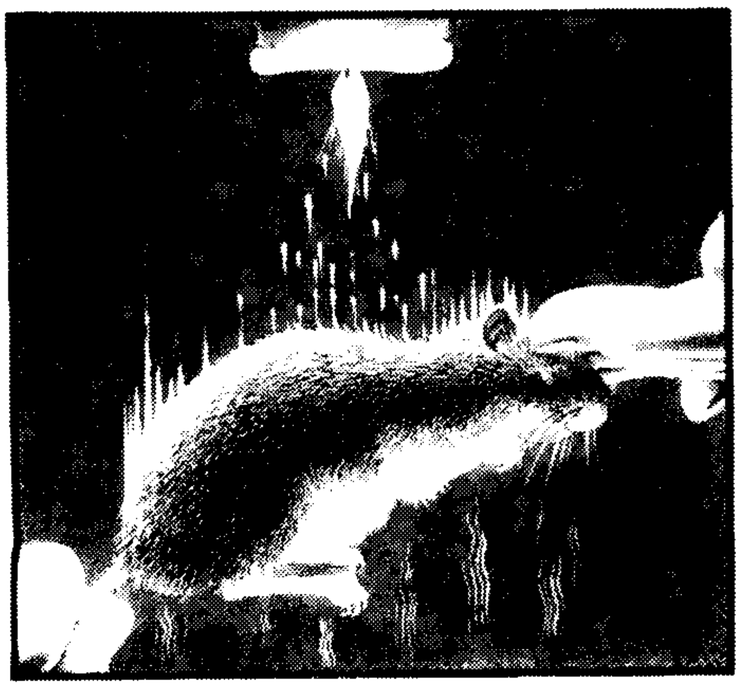
McDonnell Douglas was about to close down its production line, throwing up to 40,000 people out of work in several key states. Hitherto the sale has been resisted tooth and nail by the Israeli lobby, but now the odds are that somehow the resistance will dissipate.

Earlier this year Dov Zackheim, former Pentagon official, was hired by the plane-makers to help arrange the sale. He met lobby leaders and was quoted as saying: "Instead of always getting into fights with the Jewish community, McDonnell Douglas wants to meet Jewish leaders and make their best case and hear what the Jewish leaders have to say."

Of course there was no connection between those talks and the subsequent announcement that the company had signed a contract with state-owned Israel Aircraft Industries, netting Israel half a billion dollars to refurbish DC 9s. Just as when Bush announces that the Saudi deal will go ahead, there will be no connection between the sale of the planes and the $10 billion loan arranged by Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin.

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE



Illuminated by Bert Kitchen

MRS C.A. Edwards of Llandudno admitted that she had killed her son's hamster, Percy, by putting it in her freezer. "The boy refused to come out of the bathroom, so I told him I would put Percy in the freezer and I did. I never thought he would die. I have a cat called Pernod that I think the world of."

MR Robert Johnson told the enquiry: "When we boarded the Ringway-to-Forton Traveltime minibus I noted there was a new crew in charge. The conductor took our fares and the driver put his foot down. Clearly he did not know the road because we hit the Dowlings humped-back bridge at about 50 mph and all the passengers shot into the air and banged their heads on the bus's roof. Only a miracle saved us from disaster. But when we recovered ourselves we realised that the driver and the conductor had vanished, together with several hand and shopping bags."

"*WE returned a verdict of guilty on Mr Mynette,*" *said Mrs Boy Summer of Miami West, "but before Judge Fleet could say a word, Mr Mynette shouted out: 'Judge Fleet is a bastard — and if I had a gun I would kill him.' Whereupon the Judge took a .45 from under his robe, drew a bead on the prisoner, and said: 'Get down on your knees — or I will condemn you to death and execute the sentence here and now.'*

When Mr Mynette had obeyed, Judge Fleet said: 'I am authorised to carry a concealed firearm and today it has helped me to maintain the dignity of this Court. Whether or not it is loaded is for me to know and you to guess. However — ' at which point Judge Fleet fired two rounds across Mr Mynette's head and then sentenced him to five years in jail."

"I WAS standing in the queue for *Fatal Attraction* when a tall man who identified himself as plainclothes policeman Sergeant Clackton told me that he was making enquiries about a stolen tweed jacket similar to the one I was wearing. When he asked me to remove it, I did. He then went through the pockets, handed me my bus pass and walked off with the jacket over his arm. That was the last I saw of him. When I complained about this, the people next to me in the queue began to laugh."

INTERVIEWED under the headline UNDERDOG WHACKS CHAMP, Mr Lighton Ndefwayl, Medjian Closed Tennis Champion, said: "Musumba Bwalya [his opponent] is a stupid man and a hopeless player. He has a huge nose and is cross-eyed. Girls hate him. He beat me in a two-hour match because my jockstrap was too tight and because when he serves he farts and that made me lose the concentration for which I am famous throughout Zambia."

INFORMATION: Daily Post 3.7.92; Ipswich Trade News & Report 17.7.92; Sunday Mail 17.5.92; East Anglian Daily Times 17.7.92; Times of Zambia 8.7.92. MONITORS: M. Startin, Anon, Norman Reynolds, Anon, Adam Lethbridge.

BBC2

EDINBURGH NIGHTZ-Z-Z-Z

(Flashing lights, jazz music and rapidly intercut collage of dreary Fringe events including Bulgarian Mime Troupe, An Evening With Nicholas Fairbairn, and men with beards playing guitars. Enter woman in kilt and glasses [Tracy McDunant, for it is she])

TRACY: Good evening. The emphasis in this year's Edinburgh Fringe is on the legendary Sporran Theatre, founded in 1961 to be a centre for new dreary Scottish writing.

(Cut to clip of dull American with beard)

JIM DREARY: Like, in the 'sixties, the Sporran was where it was all at, man. The joint was really jumpin', yes sirree. I remember seeing the first night of Louie McDreary's *Who Are You Lookin' At, Jimmy?* It was like a revelation.

McDUNANT: Incredible as it now seems, the City Fathers tried to ban McDreary's masterpiece and closed down the Sporran — all because of the nude crucifixion scene, when rich landowner Lord English Bastard takes revenge on his crofters for supporting the great Land Reform measures of the 1880s.

(Cut to fuzzy black-and-white newsfilm of demonstrators [possibly Ken Tynan or Ken Loach] holding up placards reading HANDS OFF THE SPORRAN*)*

McWARG: In those days the great thing about the Sporran was that it was so small you could only fit in an audience of four and the actors had to shout through the door.

(Clip of clapped-out old Scottish actor [poss. Angus McCurry or it may be Currie McAngus)

McFINLAY: I remember when we did Johnny McGrath's *Knuckle Sandwich At Culloden.* We were all sae pissed that we couldna stand up. I was playing the whole of the British Army under Butcher Cumberland. Of course, the City Fathers tried to ban it, because of the rape scene in the second act where the English nobleman, Lord English Bastard, has his way with the sweet and innocent crofter's daughter Laura McFlora.

(Shot of demonstrators outside City Hall [led by Ken Dodd, or it may have been Kenneth Horne] holding placards saying SAVE OUR SPORRAN*)*

McDUNANT: But happily those conflicts are a thing of the past. Two years ago the Edinburgh City Council made amends for its years of Fascist philistinism by giving £10 million to build a new permanent home for the Sporran.

(Shot of hideous new glass-and-concrete monstrosity with THE SPORRAN EXPERIENCE *flashing in neon lights. "Showing Tonite —* THE DEATH OF LORD ENGLISH BASTARD *by Jock McGrotty, starring Oona McDoonah, Flora McBorer and Deirdre McDreary". Cut to interior of theatre where three Scottish women in shawls are stabbing a naked Englishman to death)*

FIRST WOMAN: Tak' that, ye chauvinist English pig, ye!

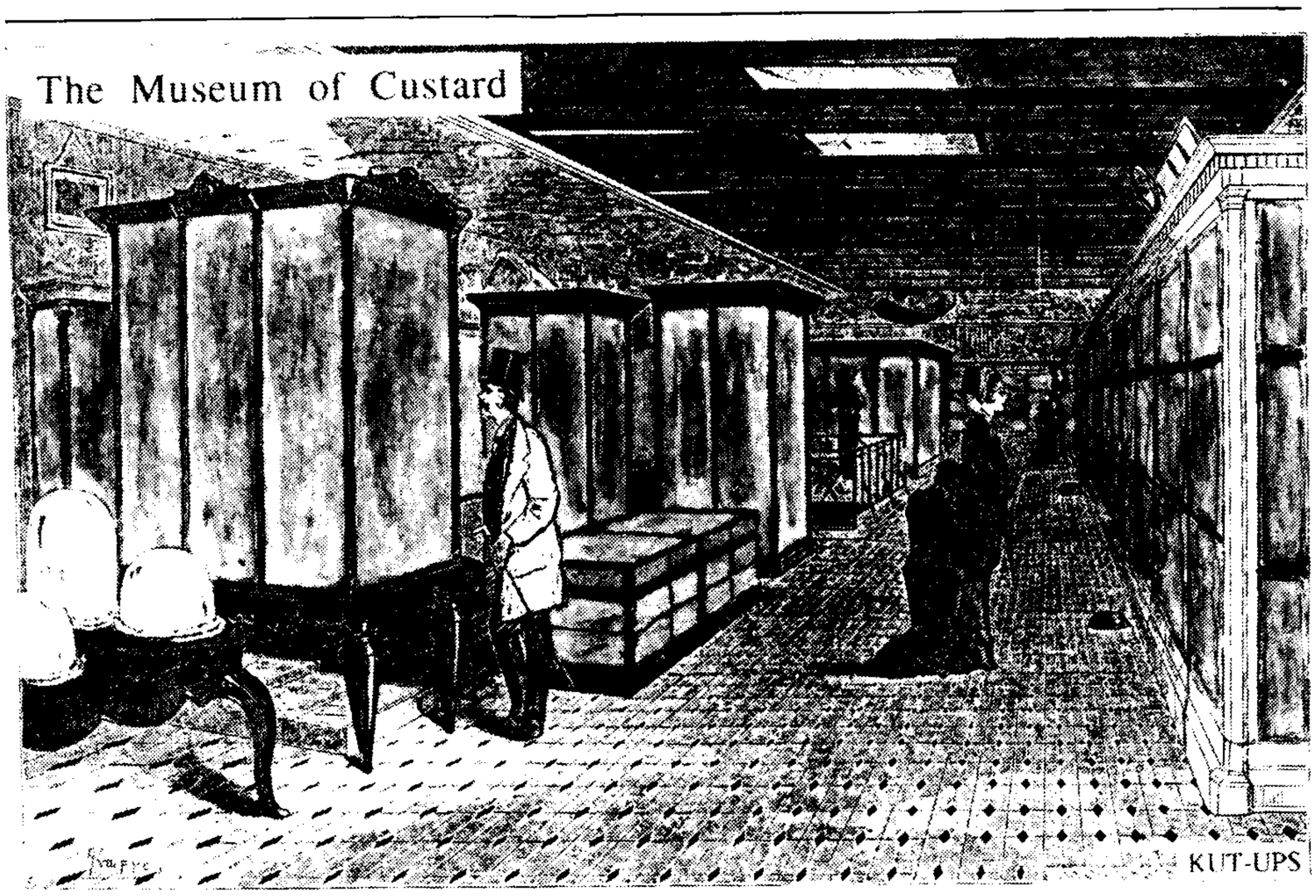
SECOND WOMAN: Aye, and tak' this the noo.

THIRD WOMAN: Sorry, loves, I've dried.

MALE ACTOR: A-a-r-g-h! *(Dies)*

McDUNAWAY: So, as the Sporran is reborn, the future of Scottish writing looks as bright today as it has ever done.

(Jazz music over shot of three unpleasant Scottish youths being sick in gutter)



The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Sunday

It is the first Sunday of our holiday here in Spain, and it is a sunny day! Olé! As you can see I have in no small measure relaxed since we arrived here at the Villa Candelabra. Last night my wife Norman and I went to the local *taverna* to be photographed tasting the local drink which is called Carlsberg. It is very refreshing and tastes not inconsiderably like lager.

This morning I was sitting by the swimming pool, and just about to open the new novel by my friend Jeffrey Archer called *Bowman at No. 10,* when our maid, Señorita Antonia di Sancha, brought out the portable telephone and there was a "Señor Turd" calling me from London. Imagine my surprise when it was Mr Hurd.

"Prime Minister," he said, in a rather urgent voice, "you had better cut short your holiday and come back to London at once." "But you have only just told me to go on holiday," I replied, quick as a flash. You cannot be bossed around by these people, even if they did go to Eton! "Just shut up, John," he said, "and get on the next plane," which I did.

Monday

Back in London, Douglas explained everything. Apparently he had been watching the *News At Ten*, and several days running there had been some very nasty pictures of what was happening in Bosnia.

"You shouldn't watch so much television, Douglas, if it's going to upset you," I told him. "No," he went on, "It's not *me* that's upset, it's everyone else. All the papers are saying that it is time for you to do something."

Putting on my most statesmanlike voice, I said "Remember, Douglas, that I am my own man. I will not be told what to do by the papers, or anyone else." He then told me that Mrs Thatcher had made a speech calling me "gutless" and "spineless". "All right," I said, "send in the troops immediately."

Wednesday

Oh dear, it seems I am going to have to invade Iraq as well. Channel 4 News last night had a film about how Mr Saddam Hussein is up to his old tricks again. Doesn't he realise he was comprehensively defeated in our great victory last time? Some people never learn. I have therefore called the Cabinet back from their holiday in Tuscany, and told them about my plans to fight two wars at once. This is one more than a certain recent prime minister ever did!

"We will bomb the Serbs, and also while we are at it, the Iraqis," I said. "I have checked on my wall-map and the planes could do one on the way back from the other." Instead of cheering me, as I expected, they all looked in no small measure concerned, and Mr Hurd asked me "Have you got Mr Bush's permission, Prime Minister?" As ever I was one step

ahead of him. "I tried to ring the White House yesterday, but they told me that Mr Bush was out at a place called Houston, and could not be contacted until he had been re-elected. They asked if I wanted to leave a message, and I said it wasn't important and that I would ring Mr Bush back when the war was over."

As I explained to the Cabinet, it seems I am the only statesman in the world who is really prepared to do something to stop these terrible things. No one could ever call me spineless or gutless.

Thursday

I was not inconsiderably pleased with the headlines in all the papers this morning. "Now Major Gets Tough" they all said, which funnily enough was exactly what Mr O'Donnell predicted yesterday. As I was sitting waiting for congratulatory calls from Mr Kohl, Mr Mitterrand, Mr Jacques Poos and other world leaders, Mr Hurd came in. "I've worked out the details of your plan, Prime Minister," he said, handing me a piece of paper.

It read as follows:

"Conditions for Deployment of British Forces in Bosnia.

1. No more than three men shall be sent to the Yugoslav theatre of war at any one time.

2. They shall not on any account be armed.

3. British forces will be permitted to accompany relief convoys only on condition that they are not likely to encounter any hostile forces.

4. If they are attacked they are not in any sense to defend themselves, and should return home to England immediately carrying a white flag.

5. The three-man British force shall only be deployed if accompanied by not less than 28 divisions of US Marines.

6. IRAQ: Ditto, except that for "troops" read "planes" throughout.

7. The codename for these operations shall be 'Operation Facesave'."

I read through Mr Hurd's thoughtful list and deemed it, in my judgement, to be a most prudent and responsible document.

Friday

What a week it has been, and what a way to silence our critics. As I said to Mr Mellor, "Who can say now that since April my government has done nothing? In these last three days I have achieved as much as in all the preceding four months."

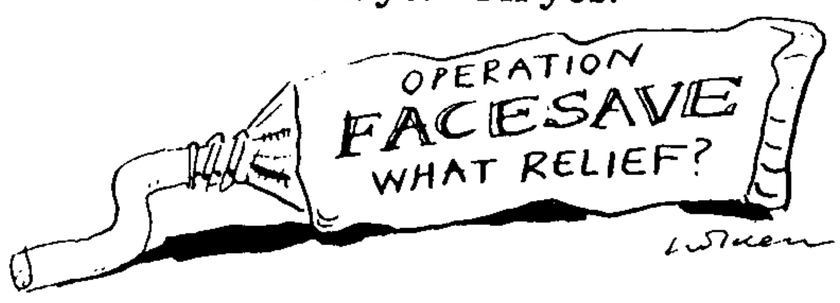
Mr Mellor laughed and gave me exactly the sort of funny look my friend Chris used to do. It is good to see him regaining his old sense of fun!

Saturday

It is clear that the economy is in trouble. Not only am I back from holiday but Norma Lamont has returned after only three weeks! "The situation must be serious," I said to him, "or you wouldn't have come back." "Not at all," he said. "I've come back to reassure everyone that the situation is not serious."

This was a great relief because all the papers were saying interest rates would have to rise. I told Mr O'Donnell to issue a statement saying that "It is business as usual". "I thought they were all closing down," he said.

"No," I said, since Mr O'Donnell had clearly missed the point. "They are all opening up after their summer holidays." Oh yes.



GLENDA SLAGG

The Feet Street journalist who doesn't toe the line! (Geddit?!?)

● **HATS OFF to the Duchess of York!! I say this red-headed raver is the best thing to hit the Monarchy *since* Nell Gwynne and her lovely pair of oranges!?! No wonder the po-faced Palace set want to get Fab Fergie out of the limelight!?! Because she's got more guts 'n' go than the whole feeble family put together!?!?**

Shame on you, Ma'am!?! If the Monarchy collapses it'll be *your* fault not that of loving laughing cuddly bubbly Viscountess Rothermere. *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

■ FERGIE?!!? What a slag!?! Didja ever see anything so tacky, so seedy, so vulgar, so disgusting as this overweight frump a-suckin' and a- *(No you don't. Ed)* in the St Tropez sun?!?! And all in front of her tiny toddlers?!? Urghh?!?!?! I say get lost, Fatso, and take your bald-headed beau with you?!!? Go on, scram!?!?

● *STING?!?! Don'tchahate-him?!? With his silly hair and his rotten rainforests?!? Fancy spendin' all that money gettin' hitched to the dopey bird on the horse!?!? For cryin' out loud, why couldn't ya just give your money to the starvin' kiddies in Saramalia (check name, please, sub).*

Go on, Sting — buzz off (geddit?!?)!!?!

■ WHAT a great wedding?!?! Sting's I mean, stooopid!?!?

Some moanin' minnies said it wa a waste of money?!? I say, if yu've got it, flaunt it?!? Who cares about the recession when we can all watch Sting's beautiful bride ride off into the suset?!?

That's what I call news that's inere-STING?!?! *(This is worse than McKay. Ed.)*

● *THREE cheers for Barbara Bush — the glamorous granny who has told the Yanks to stop messin' around and git back to them ol' Kentuckee family values?!?!? Yessirree! All gathered round the ol' Thanksgiving table with turkey pie and blackberry muffin sauce!?!? Ol' Granny Bush sure tells it like it is?!?! She's coming round the mountain, make no mistake, and she's one swell Yankee Doodle Granny!?!?! (You really are fired this time. Ed.)*

■ HERE they are?!?!? Glenda's Bank Holiday Beaux:

NIGEL MANSELL — World champ on Four Wheels! How'd you like to try my Pole Position, Big Boy!?!?

NICHOLAS KENYON — Radio Three's Mister Music!?!? Whatever they say, Baldy, you don't turn *me* off?!?!

BOUTROS BOUTROS-GHALI?! Crazy name, crazy guy!?!?

Byeeee!!

YES! IT'S THE OUTRAGEOUS NEW STRIP FROM BRITAIN'S TOP COMICS

LIZ
REET WOR BOFFA, AS A KEEN PHOTOGRAPHA WHAT DEE YA MEK A THESE SNAPS?
TALK ABOUT A WIDE APERTURE! OH LORDY IT'S ONE'S FAT SLAG!
BOOTS
IM BALMORAL CASTLE
AYE AN' IF YA WANT TA KEEP THE BAG A SHITE HAPPY IT LOOKS LIKE YA'LL HAVE TA SUCK HER DORTYGREAT FEET N' ALL THEM BUNIONS AN' THAT!
DIVVUNT TELL ME SHE'S BONKIN' THAT DEEVID MELLA!
SHE MIGHT BE A DORTY HOOER WOR GRANNIE BUT SHE'S NOT COMPLETELY HATSTAND!
WELL THERE'S A GIANT YELLA COCKEREL WITH 'EM IN THIS 'UN!
HE WERE A REET POSH BASTARD! EVEN TOOK ME SOCK OFF BEFORE KISSIN' ME FEET!
SNIFF!
AYE, PET! AN' I SEE YA DIDN'T HAVE TO PUT A BAG ON YER HEAD THIS TIME NEITHER!
THIS IS STEVE...ERR JOHN...ERR BRYAN. HE'S A FINANCIAL ADVISOR. I THINK HIS STOCK HAD JUST SHOT UP IN THIS 'UN!
DID HE MAKE ANY DEPOSITS IN YER THREE DAY EASY ACCESS?
AN' LOOK AT HER FIASHIN' HER JUGS IN THIS ONE. ANYTHIN' TA GET ATTENTION. WHY DIVVUNT SHE JUMP DOON THE STAIRS LIKE WOR SNIFFA?
SNIFF!
IT MAKES ME SICK!
EVERYTHING MAKES YOU SICK!

PERKINS/RGJ

BBC2

A season of Woody Allen films to commemorate the celebrated director's afair with his wife's daughter. Introduced by Alex Cock *(shurely 'Cox'? Ed.*

Friday 10.00 pm

Mia and Her Daughters

BLACK and white classic in which Allen plays a neurotic Jewish New York film director who runs off with the adopted daughter of his wife from an earlier marriage. Also stars Mia Farrow and Soon-Yi Previn.

Saturday 9.30 pm

Madhatter

ALLEN at his most endearing, paying tribute to himself in this wry Jewish New York look at a neurotic film director who falls in love with a 21-year-old girl whom he meets in his wife's apartment. Includes the unforgettable comic scene when his wife discovers nude pictures of her daughter. Stars Mia Farrow, Allen himself and hundreds of lawyers .

Sunday 11.30 pm

Do It Again, Woody

PLAYFUL parody of *Casablanca* in which a neurotic middle-aged Jewish film-maker goes to a bar in New York and falls in love with his wife's daughter. Glorious mixture of tears and laughter. Don't miss the embarrassing bedroom scene. Stars Mia Farrow and Woody Woodpecker.

Sunday 1.30 am

Bananas

MIDDLE-aged neurotic Jewish film maker goes bananas and runs off with his wife's daughter, then thinks he'll get custody of their children. "He's really bananas," says his mother-in-law, played by Maureen O'Sullivan in a typical one-liner. Also stars Andre Previn, Frank Sinatra, Diane Keaton, Michael Caine and Woody from *Cheers*.

(That's enough films. Ed.)

New couple to join Eldorado

Eldorado viewers will next week meet two newcomers to Spain, John and Norma Major, who play a middle-aged couple who are trying to get away from the recession back home. They are seen here in Bunny's Bar, waiting for the scriptwriters to think up something for them to say. *Ceefax p. 94*

IN THE COURTS

TEXAN BUSINESSMAN CLAIMS PICTURES WERE 'OUTRAGEOUS'

by our Legal Affairs Correspondent **Joshua Toezenberg**

MR JOHNNY "John" Bryan, 49, the penniless millionaire, today applied to the High Court for an injunction to prevent the further publication of photographs which he claimed portrayed him in a "scandalous" light.

A lawyer acting for Mr Bryan read from a prepared statement:

"The suggestion that my client, a thoroughly respectable international playboy, would enter into an intimate relationship with a woman like the Duchess of York is a disgraceful and outrageous slur on his good name. My client is adamant that he would never associate with a person of such low morals or of such infamous reputation, either in the South of France or in any other place wheresoever. My client therefore seeks a mandamus order from the court, pursuant to the above mentioned complaint, to restrain the 25,626 newspapers, magazines and other journals named in the Schedule below from disseminating any pictures purporting to show him engaging in oral stimulation of the *pedalis digitales* of the said Royal Highness, the Duchess of York."

The judge said that he had never heard such a load of old rubbish in his life, and that he would like to have the opportunity to study the aforementioned pictures in his chambers.

The court adjourned to purchase copies of the *Hola* magazine from the news-stand outside.

That Fergie Poolside Lunch Menu in full

Tomatoe Salad
or Toeramasalata

—⁂—

Feetucine Toescana

—⁂—

Toed in the Hole
with
Duchess of Yorkshire Pudding, Boiled Potatoes and Haritoes Verts

—⁂—

Profitoerolles

—⁂—

Cheese on Toes

—⁂—

Wines
Chatoe Lafeet 1992
or
Toejolais Nouveau Riche

—⁂—

Toe or Coffee

EXCLUSIVE TO PRIVATE EYE

FERGIE — AMAZING NEW PICTURES

The incredible pictures on pp 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 94 of this issue show the Duchess of York as you have never seen her before.

These unbelievable photographs are entirely unique. They show the Duchess fully clothed and not on holiday.

You won't believe your eyes. Yet these pics, taken by world-famous *Eye* lensman Gino Ginelli from an XF-36 satellite orbiting 80 miles above the Duchess, are completely authentic.

Many people may criticise us for publishing these shocking photographs. They may say that what the Duchess does during her Royal life is entirely her own affair.

But we say that we all have a right to know the real truth behind the Duchess of York's carefully contrived public image as a lazy, fat slag who is sponging off the taxpayer.

Hard at work

Wearing clothes

With her husband

NEW PHONELINE FROM GNOMEFILTH

DIAL-DI

0898 7372587256

Talk dirty to everybody's favourite princess! Give her a call today! Discuss her marriage! Call her "Squidgy"! Say you love her! Be rude about Fergie and Granny! And much much more! She's waiting and ready!

GO ON — DO IT!

A Taki Driver writes

Every week a well-known cabbie is invited to comment on an issue of topical importance.

THIS WEEK: The Constitutional Crisis by Taki Takalotacokeupthenos (Cab No. 73725783)

What a lot of rubbish they're talkin' about Johnny, you know, Johnny Bryan. 'e's a really good bloke! You can 'ave a drink wiv 'im, 'e's a good laugh and 'e's great with the birds! I've known 'im for years! I reckon they should lay off 'im

meself! Wot's 'e ever done wrong? Jus' enjoyin' 'imself! Good luck to 'im!

You alright for talcum powder, guv?

I 'ad that John Latsis in my column last week.

NEXT WEEK: Penny Junor (Cab 24397) on why they should string Fergie up as it's the only language she understands.

WORLD OF FOOTBALL

NEW LOOK FOR NEASDEN BRIDGE

THE soccer world was rocked to its foundations yesterday when Neasden FC unveiled its new North Stand for the first game of the 1992 season of the North Circular Relegation League.

In place of the once-proud and magnificent Neasden Borough Council refuse tip where loyal fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers) had stood for decades, there was now a giant mural depicting thousands of cheering supporters.

by **E.I. Erewego**, Our Man On The Terrace With The Can Of Lilt ("The Totally Tropical Taste") And The Packet Of Strawberry-Flavoured Condoms *(shurely 'Crisps'? Ed).*

ARTSENAL

The multi-million-pence project fulfils the contract with Patel's Local Football Cable TV channel to "con people into thinking there's a crowd". But, in spite of the club's enthusiasm, not everyone is happy.

In particular, Sid Bonkers has lashed out at the supposedly life-like painting.

"It's disgraceful. These people that they've painted and clearly sober and none of them look as if they've ever been in a fight."

His views were supported, as indeed was he, by his wife and fellow Neasden fanatic Doris Bonkers.

"They can't sing, those cardboard fans, can they? Can you imagine them chanting 'We are Neasden. Kill the ref'? No way! And how do they expect an oil painting to run on the pitch and cause mayhem when the opposition scores? It's an insult."

OWN GOYAL

However, Neasden chairman, Launderama -to- Home - Carbon-Water - Filter magnate Brigadier Buffy Cohen was quick to defend what he called his "trompe d'oeil masterpiece".

Speaking from his carphone somewhere on the M25 between Junction 93 and 94, he continued:

"It is not only the crowd that has been replaced by a painting. If you look carefully when the referee blows his whistle you will see that the Neasden team are now also made out of painted cardboard. Legendary figures such as Wally Foot, Baldy Pevsner and new Russian signing Big Mick Gorbachev are now nothing more than lifelike replicas."

RA CUP FINAL

Supporting his chairman, the Neasden manager, an ashen-faced Ron Knee, said that the cardboard players were a big improvement on the previous squad.

"They are more mobile and play more intelligent football," he said. "Already our results speak for themselves — unlike the cut-outs."

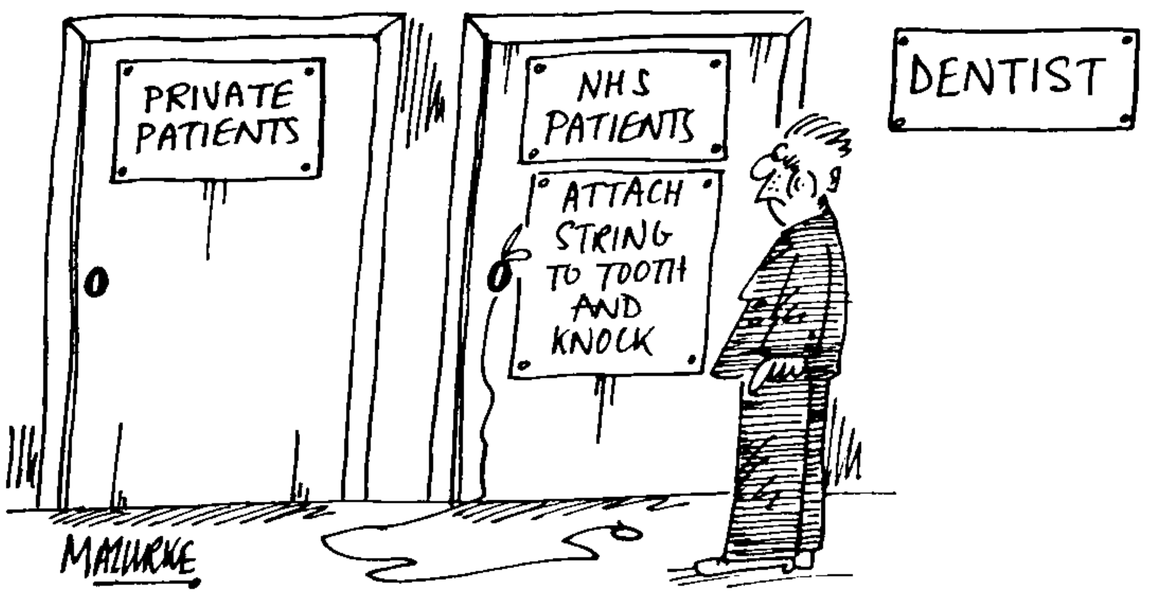
Ron Knee is 57.

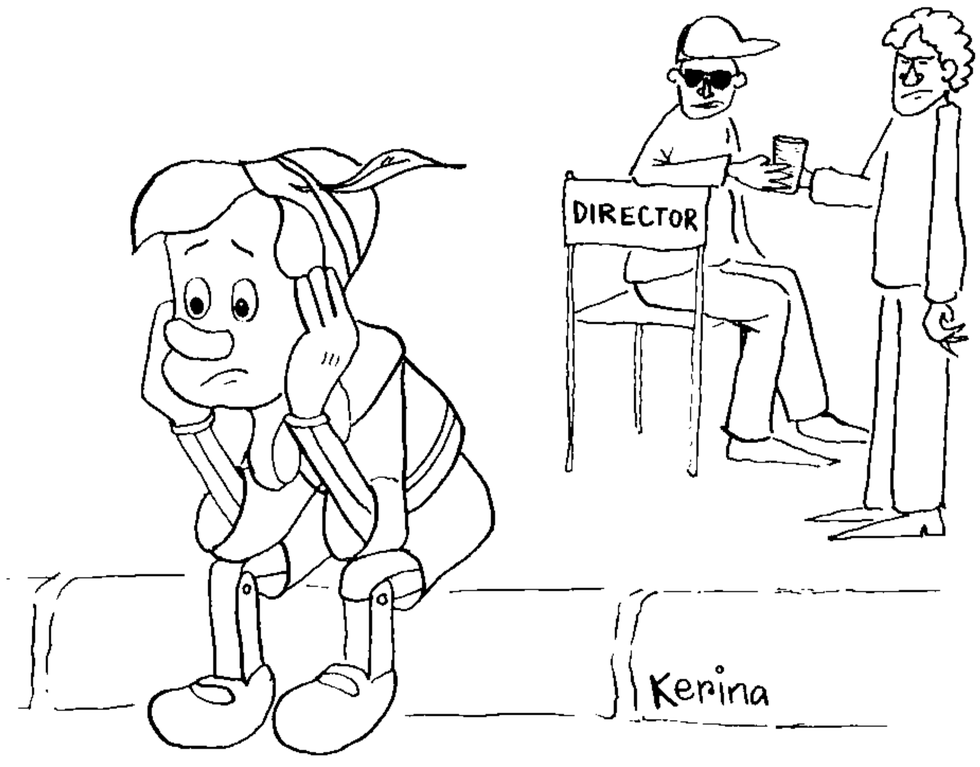
LATE RESULT

The Radio 5 Kwik-Print Charity Shield (2nd leg)

Gazzio 7
(Lazza 3, Haagen-Dazsa 2, Rizla, Pevsner [o.g.] 1)

Neasden FC 0





"Can't have him in Eldorado — not wooden enough"

APOLOGY

from Mr N. Lamont and others

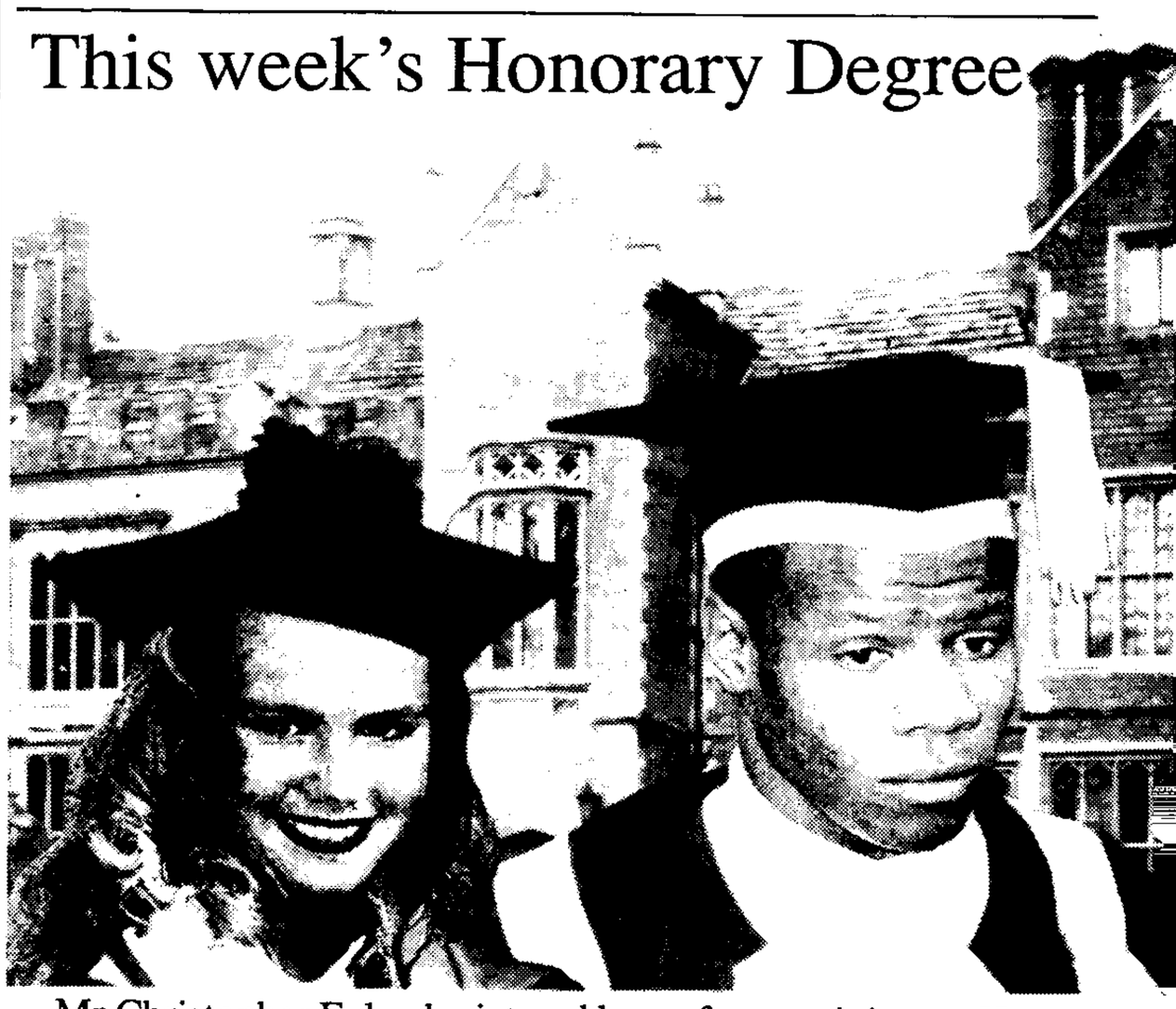
Over the past 13 years, this Government may have given the impression that it was considered desirable for members of the public to save their money. Such savings may have been considered to be the basis for investment in Britain's economic future. It was on this understanding that the Conservative Government may have given the impression that it supported wider share ownership and a policy of wholesale privatisation, so that Britain could leap forward into an age of prosperity unparalleled in the history of the world.

We now recognise and fully accept that the greatest obstacle to any economic recovery is the quite disgraceful habit of "saving". Don't people realise that it is their pathetic reluctance to "spend, spend, spend" and if necessary borrow vast sums of money in order to buy new videos and K-registration Ford Sierras which is rapidly driving this country into a state of bankruptcy, with millions unemployed and no end to the recession in sight?

We would like to express our regret for any confusion which our previous statements may inadvertently have caused, and offer our profound and sincere apologies for the total chaos that the country is now in, which is entirely the fault of the general public for being a bunch of penny-pinching misers.

© N. Lamont, Villa Chancellori, Tuscany

This week's Honorary Degree



Mr Christopher Eubank pictured here after receiving an Honorary Degree in Law from the University of Merseyside (formerly Toxteth Polytechnic). With him the actress Miss Kathy Pitkin (Doctor of Eldorado).

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam
John Cage,
Avant-Garde
Composer

So. Farewell then
John Cage.

Avant-Garde
Composer.

"

"

Yes, that
Was your
Catchphrase.

Keith says
We should
Play your
Music

And hold
A minute's
Silence.

Simultaneously.

E.J. " " (17½)

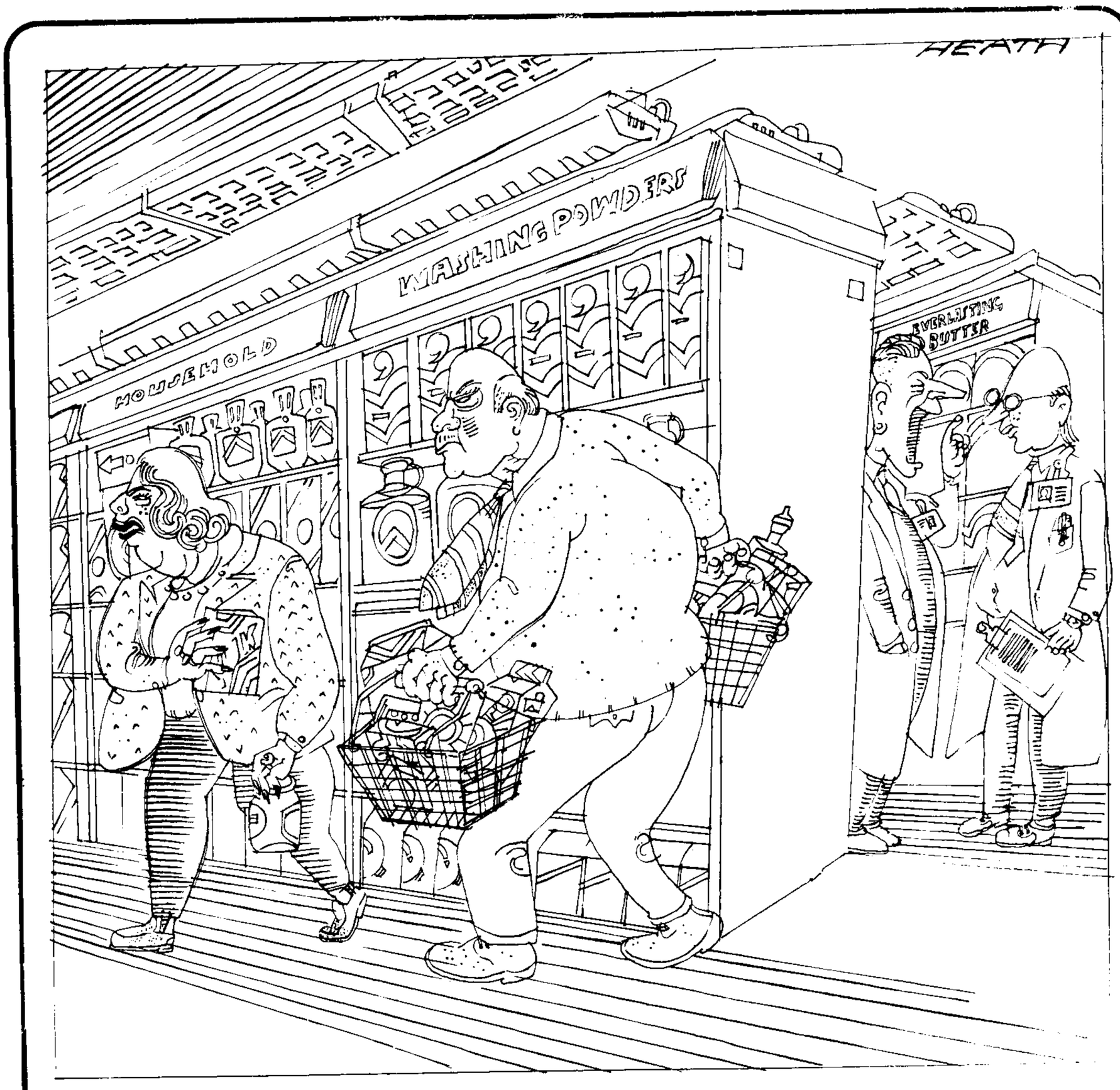
Assault

Alexander James Gallacher (32), 53 Comrie Street, Crieff, had sentence deferred until December 9 at Perth Sheriff Court today.

He admitted that on March 6 in his home he assaulted his wife Linda, pulled her hair, repeatedly punched and kicked her on the head arms and body to her injury.

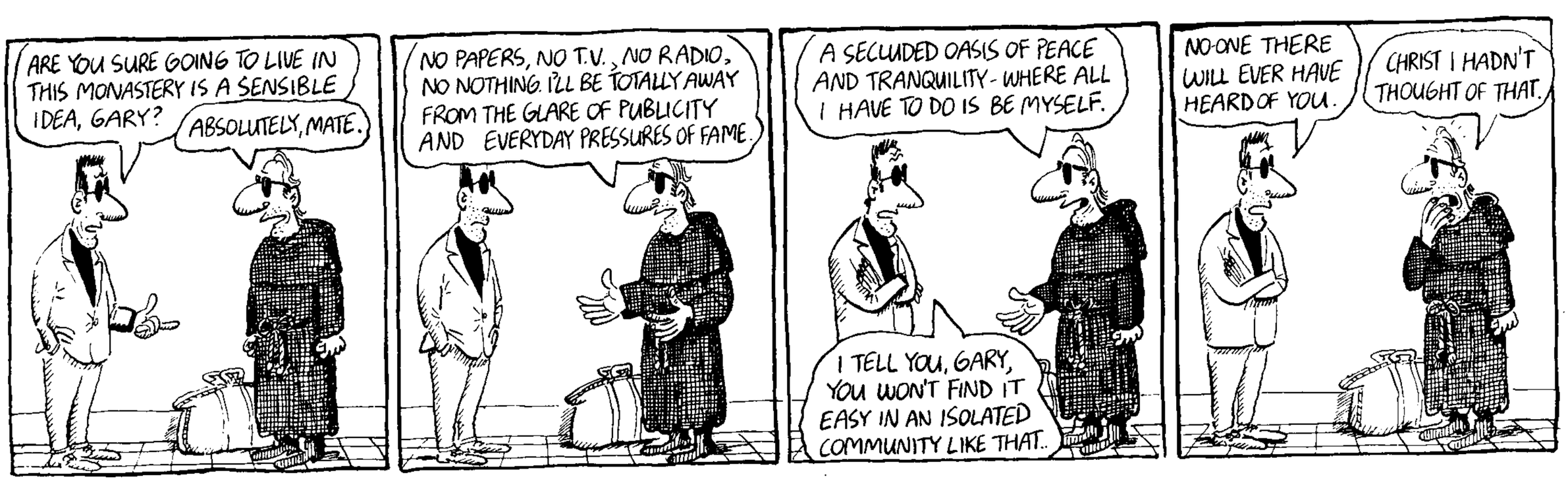
Sentence was deferred for his good behaviour.

Dundee Evening Telegraph



Great Bores Of Today.

"... I never thought he was funny I remember seeing that film of his years ago the one where he was in New York in the Art Gallery with that girl he didn't marry what was her name? then there was that other one with the psychiatrist and in fact it was on the telly the other day and I said to the wife I can't see why anyone would think this is funny it's just about this bloke in New York with all his hang-ups wasn't there a very famous one in a steam bath with Michael Caine in it and I think it was Hemingway's granddaughter? they were in this restaurant with this rabbi and I can't remember but I think they all went into space or was that the one with Hitler and all the old footage? it was technically brilliant but so what? I think the bloke's sick he must be I wouldn't let him near my kids he's a weirdo obviously if you saw him in the street you'd say he's a nutter but that one he did with Barbra Streisand was brilliant *What's Up Doc?* I've got that on video..."


ARE YOU SURE GOING TO LIVE IN THIS MONASTERY IS A SENSIBLE IDEA, GARY?
ABSOLUTELY, MATE.
NO PAPERS, NO T.V., NO RADIO, NO NOTHING. I'LL BE TOTALLY AWAY FROM THE GLARE OF PUBLICITY AND EVERYDAY PRESSURES OF FAME.
A SECLUDED OASIS OF PEACE AND TRANQUILITY - WHERE ALL I HAVE TO DO IS BE MYSELF.
I TELL YOU, GARY, YOU WON'T FIND IT EASY IN AN ISOLATED COMMUNITY LIKE THAT..
NO-ONE THERE WILL EVER HAVE HEARD OF YOU.
CHRIST I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT.

Henry V

Gone With The Wind

Samson and Delilah

The greatest woman who ever lived

by Rory Brown-Knose

Reprinted without permission from the Daily Mail, Mail on Sunday and Evening Standard.

THEY CALLED her the last of the great hostesses but this scarcely does justice to the larger than life figure whom we mourn today — Beverley De Vere Huntingdon Fitzallan Harmsworth, 15th Viscountess Rothermere.

Thousands of friends were in deep shock at the passing of a legendary figure in London's social world.

Tributes poured in to the woman who epitomised beauty, glamour, charm, style, chic, grapefruit segments.

The Duke of Edinburgh was only one of the many of her close friends who wasn't in when I phoned him. Equally unobtainable were King Rainer of Monaco and the Aga Khan. However someone who was available was top society hairdresser Nigella Dumpstoori from the fashionable Knightsbridge salon of Pratts.

"She was a very lovely lady. Whenever she came into the salon the atmosphere was electric. She was a brilliant conversationalist and she would ask Darren what he was doing at the weekend. She was very kind too and used to suggest that Darren should come and see her sometime."

Born into a humble aristocratic family, Lady Dolly Parton forsook the world of society at an early age to pursue a career as an actress. She attended the Antonia di Sancha Dramatic School in Balham and first appeared in a walk-on role in the famous West End revue *Women in Sequins and Suspender Belts 1947*. She landed her first and last major part as Michael Redgrave's WAAF driver Doris in *They Flew To Bruges*, the classic 1963 war adventure epic.

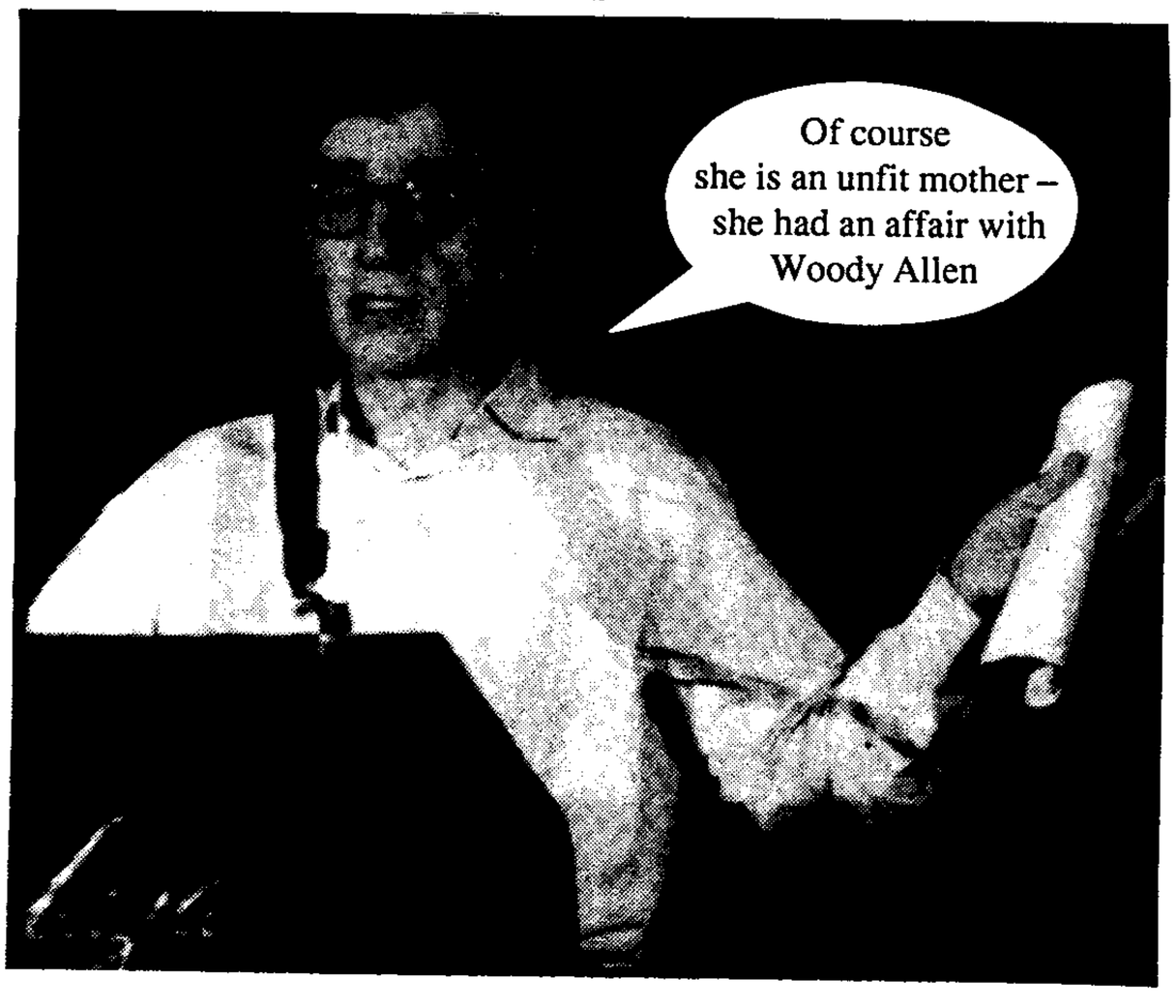
Sir Richard Attenborough, who co-starred with her and Sir Michael, said yesterday: "Although she had no lines as such whenever she came on the set the atmosphere was electric. She was very kind too and adopted one of the assistant cameramen called Barry. We all loved her dearly. She was a love and a real pro." Sir Richard then broke down in tears and said: "Incidentally my new film is quite brilliant. *Chaplin*, directed by Richard Attenborough (coming soon at the following Gnomeon cinemas, Harmsworth, Rothermere, and Northcliffe." (*That's enough Attenborough — Ed.*)

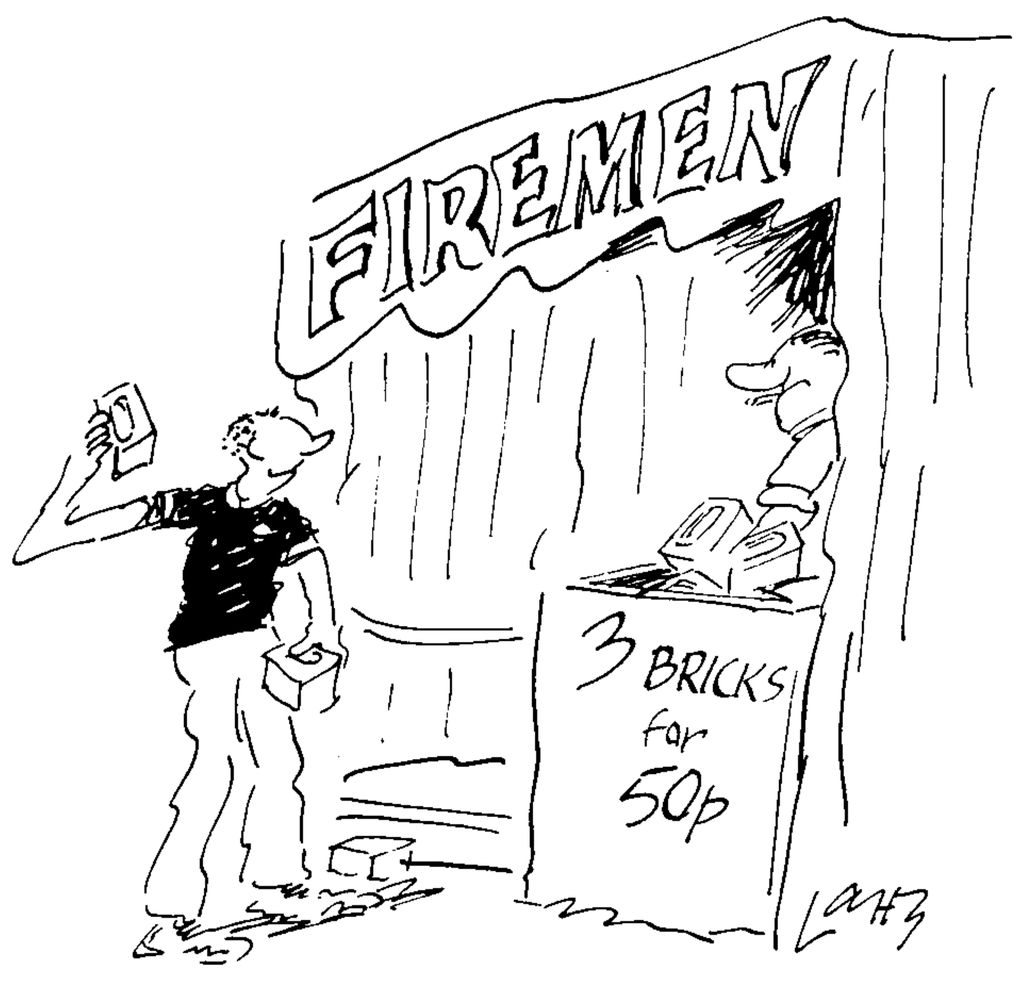
But perhaps the last word should have come from her husband Lord Rothermere, my boss, who answered my call with his customary charm and old world courtesy.

"You stupid bastard. How dare you ring me up in my own home. Say whatever you like but don't call her Bubbles or you're fired."

Lord Rothermere is 85.

Custody shock





THAT REAGAN SPEECH IN FULL

(20 minutes of hysteria in vast hall as very elderly man with dyed hair mounts podium amidst shower of red, white and blue balloons)

RONALD REAGAN *(for it is he)*: Ma fellow Americans!

(Five more minutes of hysteria)

Let me tell you about George Washington. He was a very good friend of mine!

(Ten more minutes of laughter before delegates realise he is not joking)

Well, let me tell you, friends, what my very good friend George said to me. He said this new guy Bill Bush is no George Clinton!

(Hysteria lasts for half an hour)

No, hang on, thank you. What America needs today is a man who understands government. A man who is respected in the world. A man who knows what to say when President Gorbachev rings up and says that he is going to bomb Russia. Such a man is my old friend Tom Jefferson. Yes, sir, a vote for Tommy on 4 November is one for the Gipper! That's why I say, God bless you all and God bless America.

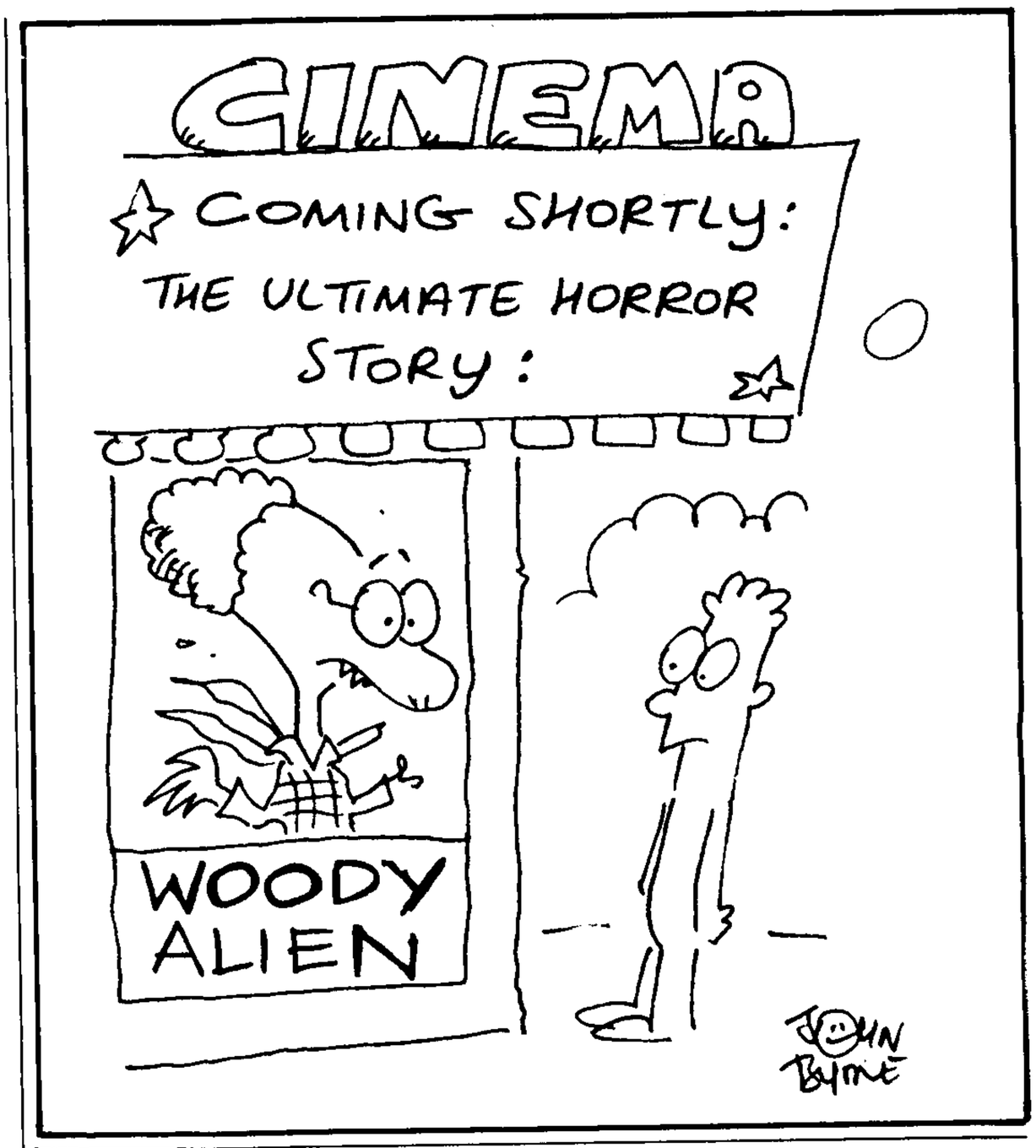
(Millions of cherry pies fall from ceiling as band plays 'My Way'. As Mr Reagan is put back in coffin, enter sweaty, bald man at gunpoint)

PAT BUCHANAN *(for it is he)*: My fellow Republicans. When I said, back in March, that George Bush was a dithering, brain-dead stumblebum, what I meant was that he was the greatest world leader this country has ever produced. His grasp of the economy and of world affairs is unparalleled. Read this out, Baldy, or you'll never work again. Signed G. Bush.

(Delegates scream hysterically as millions of Thanksgiving Day turkeys are released into the air and band plays WHITE CHRISTMAS. Room empties as a Mr Quayle is ushered onto podium to give keynote speech as Vice-Presidential nominee)

MR T. DAN WIMP *(for it is he)*: Fellow Democrats! They say I can't spell the word "potato". Well, at least I can spell the name of the next President of the United States! B-O-O-S-H. Right? God bless America!

(Millions of McDonald Potato McNuggets fall from roof of Astrodome, rendering Vice-Presidential nominee even more unconscious than previously. Band plays Funeral March as polls give Clinton 100 per cent lead)



How they are related

Director Woody

His new love, Wood-Yi

John Farrow — Maureen O'Lipman

MIA FARROW

m **Frank Sinatra**

Lucky Luciano Junior | Sammy Davis Junior | William Davis Junior

Haile Selassie | Shining Path | Bird's Nest | Malcolm X

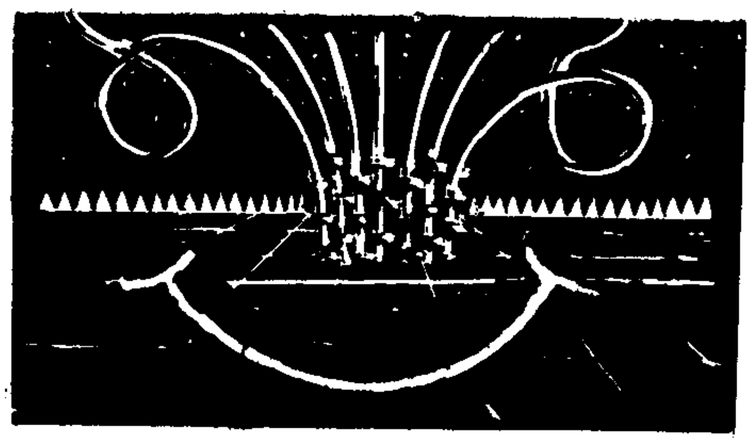
m **Andre Previn**

Andre Deutsch | Kim Il Sung | Ho Ch Minh | Kung Wa Chung | Soon-Yi Walkman

m **Woody Pargs**

Bob Dylan | Dylan Thomas | Ed Moses | Annie Hall | Little Orphan Annie | Hannah | Her Sisters | Satchmo | Salman Rushdie *(shome mishtake? Ed)*

DIARY



DAVE LEE TRAVIS

I know what you're thinking. Yes, I know just what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Good Grief!", you're thinking, "It's our old friend the Hairy Monster — D.L.T., the man himself, Dave Lee Travis, Disc Jockey Extraordinaire, putting pen to the old papyrus! Nice to have you in the saddle, Dave!" Well, thanks a lot, ta muchly and *multo gratias* — whatever that means when it's at home! No, but seriously: cheers to all my mates out there. It's lovely to be with you again, and I hope you'll stay tuned right thru' to the end, because I've got a really fan-tastic column lined up for you today which I know you're gonna positively drool over, I kid you not.

Scenes from a crazy, roller-coaster life (1): A Radio One DJ's life is full of crazy incidents. Totally, totally bananas, believe me. Like yesterday, I'd poured myself a warm cuppa with the usual two sugars when — and this is just for starters — I simply couldn't find anything to stir it with! After a frantic search, I eventually found the spoon — and you'll never guess where it was! Yes, it was under that day's playlist! Talk about monster raving loonies — at One FM every day's totally daft! I'll let you into a secret. There's a sign over my door. "You don't have to be mad to work here," it reads. "But it helps!" Boom! Boom! As my old friend Monsieur Le Basil Brush used to say!

Let me put you out of your misery. I get stacks of mail piling up at home and in the office from fans up and down the breadth of this once-great country of ours saying lovely stuff like: "Dear DLT, We just love everything you do on your show, always have done, always will done, but please please PLEASE can we hear more of you and less of the records in between." Well, there's one helluva lot of very nice guys and even lovelier young ladies out there, and, to be serious for one minute, I'm eternally grateful to you all for writing in and telling me just what a great communicator I am — because, let's face it, it's the whole entire communications thingy which is what we're on about here. But I've gotta say to you that on Radio One FM we're duty-bound by The Big Boss Upstairs — nice to have you with us, sir! — to play so much music every hour. So, referring back to what I said at the beginning: let me put you out of your misery. In this column, no music, no records, no jingles: just DLT the man talking, chatting, reflecting, *communicating* something of himself as a gift to all of you out there. And that's a promise.

Scenes from a crazy, roller-coaster life (2): The other day, the Boss called me upstairs to his office, said he loved the show, couldn't get enough of it, well done, mate, punters keep coming back, really great, you're absolutely the best, you're so good we want just a little bit less of you, keep the punters wanting more etcetera, cheers, mate, and then, just as I was leaving, I saw a beautiful poster of a young lady in tennis gear pulling up her skirt to scratch a tickle on her posterior. "I wouldn't mind playing tennis with that one!" I joked and The Boss roared with laughter! Communication: that's the name of the game.

I've been a DJ or "jock" now for I-don't-know-how-many-years, I won't say exactly how long, but, put it this way, quite a lot longer than some of the younger DJs who, let's be frank, have got one helluva lotta learning to do if they want to master the art, because it is an art, let no one tell you it isn't. It's been a good life, a lot of laughs, and incidentally it's gained me a lot of respect (that's a word you don't hear used much these days — whatever happened to respect?), a lotta tremendous friends in the industry, and, I like to think, a lotta very satisfied punters (that's you out there, folks!).

Now, there's one or two people out there who think that somehow a disc-jockey spends his entire life chatting away and playing all the latest sounds, and that consequently he has no time to think, cogitate, meditate, knock his proverbial little beige cells about a bit, call-it-what-you-will. Not so. What these armchair carpers don't realise is that there's an education to be gained from close study of some of the world's greatest contemporary song lyrics. A lot of experience went into those lyrics, and one helluva lot of pain, and it's been my privilege to listen hard and long and carefully to those lyrics, and to learn (and that's another word you don't hear too much of these days!).

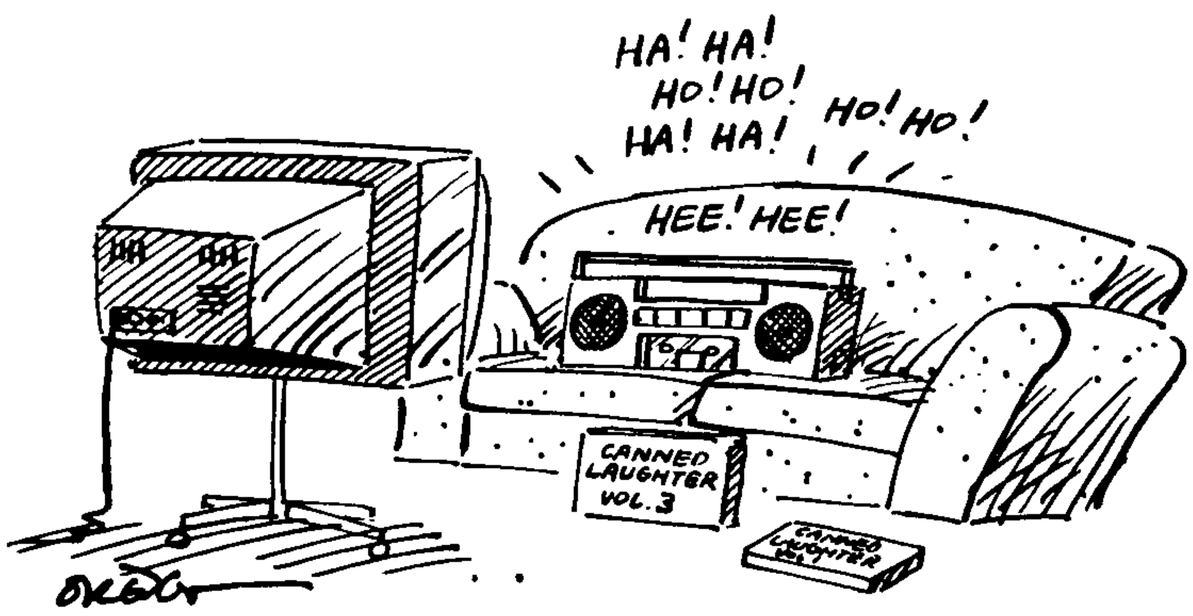
Seriously, there's not much about life that I don't know, and when I come back from a hard day's jockeying, I like to put the old feet up before the open fire, throw on a favourite old cardigan, bring out the old pipe, ease off the old shades, place a favourite CD on my top-of-the-range CD player and, stroking my beard, perhaps sipping a beautiful mellow cup of freshly-brewed tea, gently reflect on what I have learnt about this funny old life we live.

For instance, love is like oxygen, it's in the air and it's blue. If my girl puts her hand in mine, I feel fine and we drink some wine. And, if your heart hurts real bad, you've just gotta get down there and boogie all night long. And there's lots more where that came from.

These aren't the sort of things they teach you in school, and you certainly don't learn them by taking part in the 9-5 ratrace. But it's wisdom I've accrued from my decades at the very top of the music industry, and I'm glad to pass it on to future generations. Living and learning: that's what it's all about. And let's not forget about what the late great Freddie Mercury called that crazy little thing called L-O-V-E. 'Nuff said.

Scenes from a crazy, roller-coaster life (3): "Any fan-mail, love?" I said to my secretary, Linda, the other day. "Sackloads, Dave," she replied. "And they all love the show!" "Well," I joked, "I must be doing something right!!!"

'Ang about. How come, I ask myself, how come I've remained at the top of the tree as a much-loved communicator for so damned long? "Incredible!" I hear you say. Seriously though, to be perfectly honest I'm a larger than life character, and you don't get many of them around these days. Those barmy jingles, those daft catchphrases like "Hang about!" "Check this out" and, at the end of my Saturday show, "See you tomorrow", my world famous "Hairy Monster" beard, my celebrated "flights of fancy" (!), my numerous TV appearances (recently *Blankety Blank* ('83), *Nationwide* ('77) and *Tiswas* ('79)) — all these add up to a track record of sheer honest-to-goodness personality. And that's not a word you hear much these days. Hmmm. Food for thought. Have a great week.



A Sheffield barmaid who has spent 27 years collecting glasses and pulling pints took tea with the Duke of Devonshire and toured his home Chatsworth House. The visit was organised for Mrs Joan Senior, aged 59, by the landlord of the pub as a special retirement present.

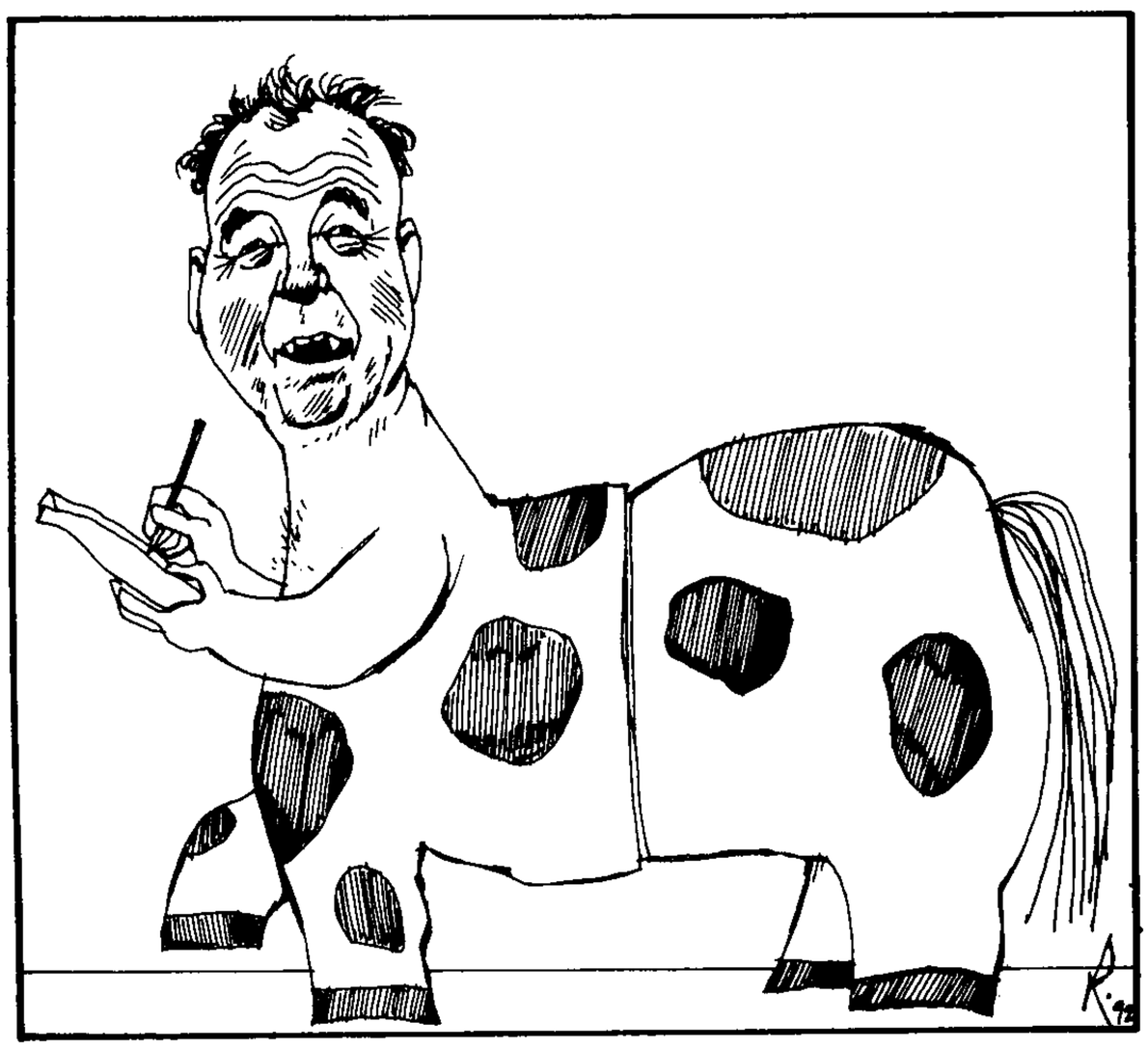
Yorkshire Evening Press

Literary Review

Ready for the knacker's yarn

Driving Force
Dick Francis
(Michael Joseph, £14.99)

DICK FRANCIS occupies an important place in English letters. He is the favourite writer of people who hate reading. He serves as a club to beat the rest with. Philip Larkin called him "always 20 times more readable than the average Booker entry". Kingsley Amis hasn't even tried to focus his bloodshot eyes on anything else since about 1968.



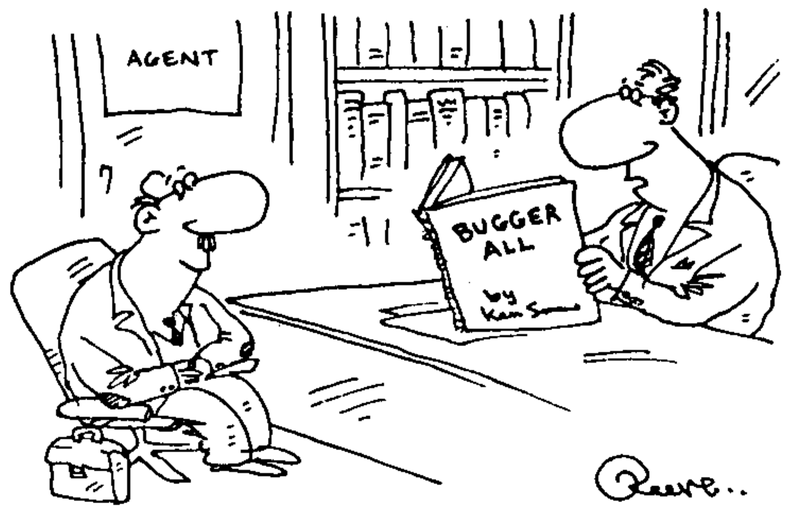
And in a new anthology on *The Pleasure of Reading*, the grumpy old playwright Simon Gray boasts that he too uses Francis to condemn all other modern novels. "The truth is you know exactly where you are with a Dick Francis, especially the early ones, which seem to me infinitely superior as works of literature to the razzamatazz stylistics of the highly publicised and award-winning novels by young X, who jives egocentrically across the page, but fails to make one wish to turn it." *Jiving*, eh? What will the young come up with next?

As a final seal of approval, Dick Francis is the only writer enjoyed by the queen and the queen mother, otherwise hardline print shunners.

Dick Francis has become an institution — the one author you can ostentatiously say you like if you actually loathe them all, the squits. Francis himself has always done his best to play along by suggesting that he's no writer johnny, no fear. "The process of producing fiction is a mystery which I still do not understand... My first draft is IT... I start at Chapter 1, page 1, and plod on to THE END," he wrote in his autobiography, *The Sport of Queens*.

The books arrive seasonally, year after year, like the Grand National and the queen mum's birthday. By his own account, every year Dick Francis begins a new book on 1 January, delivers the manuscript to his publisher on 8 May, and sees it published in September. He began this process in 1961, five years after ceasing to be a professional jockey. *Driving Force* is thus his 31st novel, or rather his 31st edition of the same novel. For just as a race is run round the same course each year without anybody complaining, so Dick Francis's readers positively rejoice that each book is basically the same as all the others. Less trouble, what?

All are set, more or less, in the world of horse-racing. (Francis's occasional treks away from this setting have his readers whinnying in dismay.) All are narrated by a male hero. Although this hero begins with a handicap, whether physical or psychological (bereavement, divorce, unrequited love, family tragedy, whatever), he always come out a winner, proving himself brave and honest, honourable and taciturn, heterosexual but horse-loving, one of nature's gents.



"Mr Simms, when I said you should write about what you know..."

The plot sees this hero assailed by nature's bastards. The bad bastards always want to nobble the 'orses (noble beasts). The good guy sets out to stop them, and does, although only after enduring physical torture (bravely borne) at their hands.

Francis takes a simple view of human nature, which he shares with the Tory party and the police force — there's good and there's bad. The hero, we know, is good. The plot consists of working out who the bad bastards are and then punishing them. Got that?

The morality underpinning these stories could not be simpler. Breeding, don't you know. Francis believes in distinctions of birth for ponies and people equally. So the narrator says: "Her high cheekbones, long neck and calm eyes reminded me of noble ancestor portraits, bone structure three hundred years old." It's a miss, not a mare, he's describing but the principle's the same, isn't it?

Again: "The brown sensation with the white blaze, recognisable afar off, swept effortlessly up the track towards us in the smooth coordination of muscle and mass that was nature's gift to the lucky few, horses and humans, in whom grace of movement equalled speed." An 'orse, as it happens, not Linford and his lunch box, but who's to know?

All those blessed with "nature's gift", whether on two legs or four, have of course to face the mean-minded assaults of the bad bastards, or as it might be, the rotten *socialists*. They want to nobble their betters. Francis explains, about the wonder horse: "Not everyone had rejoiced with Michael over the emergence of a prodigy in his stable. Human nature being what it was, a certain portion of the racing world would have been happy to hear that ill had befallen the horse. Michael shrugged it off. 'There will always be spite and envy. Look how some politicians encourage it! It's not my problem if people bitch and grudge and bitch, it's theirs.' " So there you have it. Life's unfair but it's only natural. Stop worrying.

For those who don't want to think — and by definition Dick Francis readers don't — it's all wonderfully soothing. Unfortunately, the 31st time round the track, Francis is flagging.

Driving Force is unbelievably dull. To set up some kind of detective story, Francis has his good guy running a fleet of "motor horseboxes" transporting nags to races and back. The bad guys seem to be surreptitiously using the hero's horseboxes for their nefarious purposes.

Nearly the entire book consists of the hero checking his logbooks, schedules and computer records to find out which of the drivers must be involved — possibly the most laborious and unappealing method of disclosure Francis has ever devised.

And when finally all is revealed, it's a con. The reason everything's been so inexplicable is that there have been two entirely unconnected sets of baddies at work, both using the horseboxes to transport two entirely different methods of nobbling horses. One is vials of virus to be squirted up the hossie's nostrils, the other is rabbits bearing noxious ticks. Yes, *ticky rabbits*. That's what we've been hanging on for, through nearly 300 pages, *poxy bunnies*.

Giddy up, Dick! Not that it'll matter to Francis's fans. It'll still be their book of the year. Reading's not their thing anyway.

Books & Bookmen

■ **VETERAN literary agent Hilary Rubinstein was much feted in June when he retired from the world's oldest literary agents, A.P. Watt Ltd.**

In genial interviews he said how much he was looking forward to retirement and continuing to edit his *Good Hotel Guide*, published by his daughter, Felicity, at Macmillan.

Last week it was announced that Hilary was establishing a new agency, Hilary Rubinstein Books, in association with Major Hunter's David Higham Associates.

In fact Hilary was much offended that his designated successor at Watt, Caradoc King, thought the old buffer wasn't pulling his weight and so Hilary bailed out. Presumably Hilary's star authors such as Brian Aldiss, Anthony Clare, Michael Holroyd, Martin Gilbert, Nadine Gordimer and Edwina Currie will follow him.

'Bookworm'

MARCHIONESS DISASTER

Rest in peace?

WHAT can possibly explain the astonishing performance of the authorities over the sinking of the pleasure boat Marchioness? Three years after the disaster shocking facts are still emerging.

Following our report two issues ago about the strange behaviour of Westminster coroner Paul Knapmann, the *Eye* now discovers that the family of one of the Marchioness dead disobeyed the express instructions from the coroner's office that the body bags with dead in them should not be opened.

Religious convictions and family ties persuaded the family to disobey instructions and open the body bag, when they discovered to their horror that the body was not their dead relative. A gentle complaint to the police and the coroner resulted in the handing over — amid much apology and embarrassment — of the right body.

The family was much distressed to discover, however, that the hands had been cut off. Again they protested. Three days later, amid apology and embarrassment, a little parcel was sent round. It contained a pair of hands which, the family were assured (though no proof was offered) had been cut off the body of their loved one "for identification purposes".

The grim revelation that the hands had been cut off 25 of the 51 bodies retrieved after the Marchioness disaster was first made in the *Mail on Sunday* on 22 March this year. The article featured Mrs Margaret Lockwood-Croft, a housewife from Aldershot, whose son Shaun died on the pleasure boat. Mrs Lockwood-Croft could not understand at the time why she was not allowed to identify or even catch a glimpse of the dead body of her son. She had been prevented by police and the coroner from doing so. When the body was eventually released to the Hampshire funeral directors Fords and Mears, the undertakers (as they have unequivocally confirmed in writing) were given firm instructions that the bodies could *not* be viewed by anyone. So Shaun was buried unseen.

Three years later Mrs Lockwood-Croft discovered from the coroner for the first time that her son's hands had been amputated. She could not understand why. Coroner Knapmann told her it was "for identification purposes". But she had told the police exactly what her son was wearing on the evening of his death. She told them that a ring on his finger was engraved with his initials. She gave police his dental records and told them some of the contents of his wallet (including a £20 note, which, she said, he always carried).

When Shaun's body was recovered, he was wearing the clothes and the ring as she described. His teeth exactly fitted the dental records she supplied. His wallet contained a £20 note. His body was retrieved from the Thames — three days after the disaster. When the post mortem examination was carried out the following day, there was nothing in the report about the removal of the hands. Neither Mrs Lockwood-Croft nor the *Mail on Sunday* could find out from anyone exactly when the hands were removed. Nor could anyone adequately explain why they had been removed.

The suggestion that Mr Lockwood-Croft's body had become so decomposed as to make finger-printing impossible was absurd. None of the victims of the disasters at Zeebrugge or on the Piper Alpha oil rig, many of whom were submerged in water for much longer than anyone on the *Marchioness*, had their hands removed. And why, after all, was fingerprinting necessary when in Shaun Lockwood-Croft's case, as in all the others, there were plenty of other less macabre and offensive ways of discovering the dead people's *identity*?

On 23 March, the day after the *Mail on Sunday* article, coroner Knapmann fired off an angry complaint to the Press Complaints Commission. The commission prides itself on dealing promptly with complaints, but has not yet adjudicated on this one. The *Mail on Sunday* has vigorously defended its article and believes Knapmann is deliberately complicating the issue so as to draw out the proceedings. Every time his complaints are answered by the newspaper, the coroner fires off another long reply and thus has succeeded in delaying the PCC's adjudication for five months.

During this time, the *Mail on Sunday*, which has found out a great deal more about what happened to the Marchioness victims, has kept quiet, anxiously hoping not to upset the PCC. Thus, not for the first time, does this absurd "regulatory body" act as a muzzle on the newspapers who finance it.

Mrs Lockwood-Croft, however, has refused to be gagged. She has been stung by the sarcastic tone of the coroner's letters to her. In February, for instance, he wrote to her asking her to sympathise with the pressures on his staff. The Marchioness disaster, he whined, had to be dealt with in addition to all the usual deaths. He added: "The normal deaths reported to a coroner do not stop when a disaster occurs." When the *Mail on Sunday* went to see the coroner after his complaint, he described Mrs Lockwood-Croft as "unhinged".

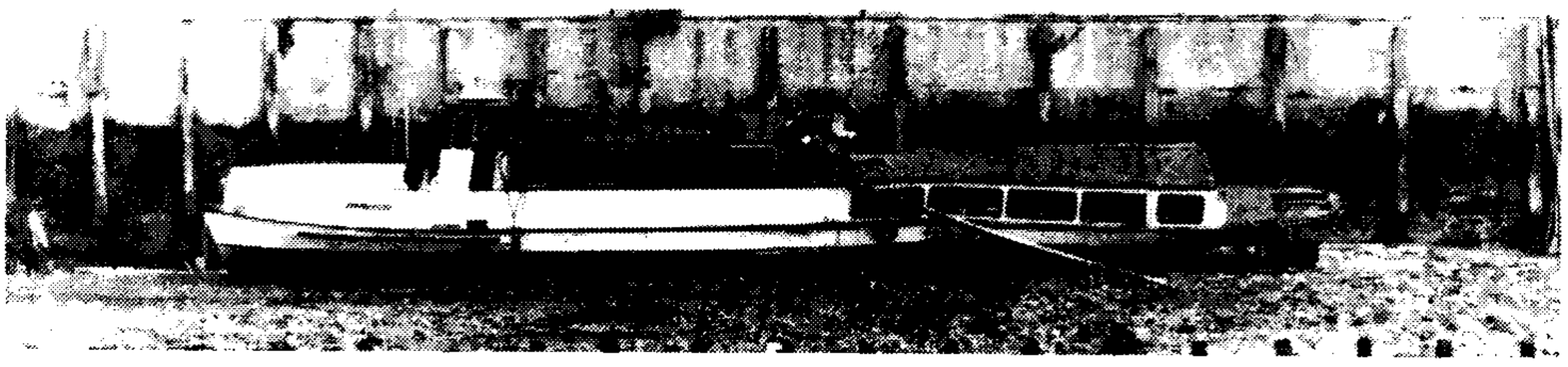
In May, she wrote to Dr Richard Shepherd, at the department of forensic medicine at Guy's hospital, asking in particular when her son's hands had been removed. It took Dr Shepherd three full months to reply that he was "unable to determine exactly when the hands were removed because the timing was not noted". In June she wrote to Kenneth Clarke, home secretary, informing him that she had been "active in the Conservative Party all my life," but had become greatly disillusioned by the way she had been treated by the authorities after her son's death.

She asked again for an explanation as to why she had been denied access to her son's body and why his hands had been cut off without her knowledge or consent. She also asked for permission to exhume the body to discover if it really was her son.

It took two months for a home office minion, Miss G. Harrison of D division, to duck the question of the mutilation of the bodies by passing the buck to the coroner. The home office letter insisted that Mrs Lockwood-Croft was refused access to the body in the mortuary "to spare her distress" and denied categorically that any instructions had been issued to the undertakers not to allow the body to be seen — this despite the explicit insistence of the undertaker that such instructions were issued.

The coroner, the home office, the forensic department of Guy's hospital, all take the line that the Marchioness Action Group which represents nine families of victims of the disaster, simply cannot come to terms with their grief. The long record of prevarication and cover-up by the authorities about the disaster itself (which the insurers have now accepted was entirely the fault of the dredger Bowbelle, owned by Ready Mixed Concrete, a big contributor to the Conservative Party) and about what happened to the victims afterwards suggests that there is even more to the Marchioness mystery than the usual anxiety to protect the reputation and coffers of a big Tory company.

One theory being peddled with increasing confidence is that the Marchioness and the guests at the fatal party were under surveillance in a big international drugs investigation; that as soon as the disaster happened, the observers fled; but that unusual efforts were made after the disaster to ensure that the most accurate records, including fingerprints, were kept of anyone who might be considered a suspect. "Suspects" were defined in this context as "any young man".



NUCLEAR CONVOYS

Motorway madness

TOXIC

THE ministry of defence is very embarrassed about the eight hugely expensive lorries it has bought to lug nuclear warheads to and from the assembly plant at Burghfield in Berkshire.

The MoD was obliged to order the "truck cargo heavy duty mark II" vehicles after Professor Ernest Oxburgh, its chief scientific adviser, condemned the existing "mammoth major" haulers as "the one exception to a sensible and practical approach to safety and security" in the transportation of nuclear weapons.

(The professor had been asked to review the situation in the UK after a US congressional committee concluded that in a transport accident "unintended nuclear detonations present a greater risk than previously estimated".)

The ageing mammoth majors (which were adapted from a standard Leyland chassis) have been involved in a number of potentially serious accidents. At one in Ilminster in Somerset in 1988, a vehicle came perilously close to calling into a ravine that was seven metres deep.

To the MoD's embarrassment, however, the mammoth majors are still ploughing the routes between Burghfield and the sites at which warheads are stored. The new purpose-designed-and-built trucks have ventured out just once to date, on an ill-fated sortie to the submarine weapons depot at Coulport in Scotland.

On the return trip on 16 July, one of the trucks broke down at Junction 24 on the M62. For some reason, the reserve tractor unit that accompanies each four-truck convoy for precisely this contingency was not used as a substitute, and a nuclear arsenal large enough to obliterate the surrounding cities of Leeds, Bradford and Huddersfield was stranded on a motorway verge for more than an hour — hardly the enhancement of safety and security that Prof Oxburgh recommended. The convoy eventually limped into its overnight stop at Wittering at 30 mph.

Taxpayers might also wonder what value for money the MoD got for the millions it spent with designer Brown & Root Vickers and manufacturer Foden. The cost of the new trucks is a closely guarded secret, but a clue was gleaned in evidence to the Commons defence committee in 1991. It referred to a £350,000 "marginal increase" in the cost of the programme.

CORNISH SEWAGE

Float some and jetsam

INSPIRED by universal hostility to its plan to dump half-treated shit in St Ives Bay, South West Water is planning to do the same in waters around another harmless Cornish seaside town, St Austell.

SWW's fanatics plan a "primary and secondary" sewage treatment works at Par. This only partially treats the shit, which then goes via a 300-metre tunnel under a popular beach and a 750 metre "outfall" pipe into the sea. The difference this time is that nothing will be built by Trafalgar House companies, which hogged almost all the construction works for the Great Shit Scheme at St Ives.

Perhaps South West Water has been embarrassed by the fact, reported in the last *Eye*, that one Trafalgar House company, John Browns (*sic*), which will be building the outfall pipe at St Ives, has been swanking that its new treatment works treats sewage so effectively it "obviates the necessity" for outfall pipes altogether.

Although Trafalgar House bid keenly for the Par project, the contract went to Birse.

ON THE RAILWAYS

InterCity: ghost train of the future

RECENT statistics of British Rail's performance show that the Government's plan to give rail passengers a wider choice of services is patently absurd.

For years BR has been cutting back its InterCity sector in a desperate attempt to show a profit. Recently it announced that it will soon cease to serve Britain's most crowded holiday resort, Blackpool, and in May it stopped services to Shrewsbury. Next May it will wipe places like Lincoln, Grimsby and Cleethorpes from its map, and other areas on the periphery of its network are almost certain to lose their services soon.

But despite this continuing contraction (which means fewer trains needing tiresome maintenance), InterCity managed to show a mere £2 million profit for last year. The struggle for profit means InterCity has made no significant investment since the London-Edinburgh electrification — a project begun in 1984.

The other side of the coin is the Regional Railways sector, which picks up the tab for the loss-making services shed by InterCity. This sector has doubled or trebled service frequencies on most long-distance routes, and has even created new through-journey opportunities. Some Regional Railways routes offer a wider choice of services than *ever* before, and its investment-rate is such that most services are operated by trains built within the last five years. Surely this is what is meant by improved service for customers?

Alas, Regional Railways made a loss of £583.6 million last year. And because of the very nature of its services, it stands to be *ruined* by the break-up of the national rail network under privatisation — a move which will inevitably entail a lack of coordination between services, a lack of public information and a lack of through-ticketing.

After BR's financial performance for 1991/92 was revealed, the Government unveiled its privatisation white paper which, says transport secretary John MacGregor, will improve matters by promoting competition, greater efficiency and a *wider choice of services*. As *Star Trek*'s Mr Spock might say: "This is not logical."

According to MacGregor, privatisation means a wider choice of services and profits. Meanwhile, back on earth, the reality is that profit equals InterCity which equals a *hugely-reduced* choice of services. If you want a *wider* choice you want Regional Railways — and that spells HUGE LOSSES.

Mr MacGregor and the rest of the Government's rabid rail privatisers would be better off sticking to simple transport concepts — like time travel and Mr Spock's runcinate transmogrifier transporter teleports.

Signal failure

SIR BOB REID, chairman of BR, is reportedly alarmed at the "string and sellotape" methods used to keep his trains on the move.

Many of BR's signalling engineers are tied up in the south-east in damage-limitation exercises preparing for the opening of the Channel tunnel. Britain will be the laughing stock of Europe when French trains, normally run at well over 150 mph, cross the Channel and crawl at average speeds of 40mph along tracks shared with decrepit Kent commuter trains.

With a purpose-built tunnel rail link as much of a pipe-dream as ever (because of the Government's ridiculous insistence on private-sector funding), BR is doing its utmost to make this embarrassing situation as trouble-free as possible: all other new signalling projects have been frozen while engineers concentrate on Channel tunnel work.

The results of the Hidden inquiry into the Clapham Junction rail accident have also been stretching signalling resources. Following the shocking evidence that underpaid engineers worked without rest days to scrape together a decent living, BR has had to manage its signalling works more responsibly.

The hope was that the Hidden report would make the railways safer. But because no new engineers have been taken on to cover the increased workload, they are probably now even *more* dangerous.

Information leaked to *Private Eye* reveals that one veteran signal box in north Manchester has been so badly neglected engineers have to inspect it *every day* to see which bits have not survived the night. Elsewhere engineers refuse to add any new parts to geriatric signal boxes for fear that the old equipment might fall apart in their hands.

At the root of Sir Bob's concern is the Government's refusal to fund extra signal engineers to compensate for this double drain on resources. Instead, the cash that should be paying to make the railways safer is withheld — until an inevitable accident like the Severn tunnel crash happens. Then the cash is dished out to pay for expensive, tortuous public inquiries that merely state the obvious — as at Clapham, Bellgrove and Newton — but never tell the Government how it should spend its money.

MAGNOX REACTORS

Essex mantrap?

THE Nuclear Installations Inspectorate (NII) seems to have embarked on a dangerous game of "chicken" with Britain's ageing Magnox stations — its decision at the beginning of this month to let Nuclear Electric operate one of the reactors at the Bradwell plant in Essex for up to 40 years is certainly inviting catastrophe.

The key safety worry with a Magnox reactor is that the steel pressure vessel that contains the nuclear core ruptures and releases uncontrollable amounts of radioactivity. Two age-related developments make this more likely to happen.

The first is that years of irradiation raise the temperature at which steel becomes brittle (as opposed to ductile) and liable to fracture without warning. The second is a syndrome known as "creep", which causes microscopic cracks in welds to grow over time.

To overcome the first problem the NII has required Nuclear Electric to increase the operating temperature on the Bradwell reactor. However, the hotter the steel, the greater the creep. This is particularly worrying as the NII's predecessor, the health and safety arm of the UK Atomic Energy Authority, considered back in the early 1960s that creep would limit the lives of steel-vesselled Magnox plants to about 20 years (a time frame also specified in treasury and cabinet documents of the period). The plants only surpassed this expectation because all their temperatures were de-rated in the early 1970s, following the discovery of severe corrosion on internal reactor steelwork (corrosion also increases with temperature).

To justify its position, the NII argues that the Bradwell reactor will still be subject to biennial shutdowns and inspections, which will discover any serious deterioration before the unthinkable could happen.

Why the Government's nuclear watchdog has taken such a pointless risk remains a mystery. It insists that all its analyses are "commercially confidential" — ludicrous considering Nuclear Electric is government-owned, operates in an entirely non-competitive environment and is the last enterprise any right-minded private interest would invest in. Moreover there is no need for the piddling amount of power the reactor will produce — all forecasts point to a glut of much cheaper gas-fired capacity in the 1990s.

As the defence card, which has always been the ultimate protector of nuclear power's position in the past, has become increasingly irrelevant, the only apparent motive is to bolster NE's moribund accounts — a cause few would consider worth the candle, never mind the hazard.

AT THE RACES

Everyone a winner...

THE odds are lengthening against the survival of Narbol, the secretive organisation set up by the National Association of Bookmakers to run on-course betting shops but nowadays more concerned with giving its directors Mediterranean cruises, huge salaries and very expensive cigars.

Narbol — the National Association of Racecourse Betting Offices Ltd — was created in 1973 as a non-profit making body to bring punters out of betting shops and back to the courses with 5 per cent of its turnover and all its profits supposed to go back to the racecourse owners.

But revelations of Narbol's bizarre finances have led to six racecourses giving Narbol the boot this year — with many of the remaining 41 preparing to follow suit next January when Narbol's contracts expire.

The main issue is the huge salaries and expenses the directors have decided to pay themselves. From being voluntary and unpaid just three years ago, they now extract salaries of up to £34,000, plus cars and expenses worth nearly as much again.

Narbol's arrogant 72-year-old chairman Alfie Bruce, an abrasive Scot, tops the expenses list with a Mediterranean cruise plus a range of travel and other special allowances. Bruce was made a Narbol director by the board of the NAB —which, coincidentally, he also chairs — which pays no salaries. The NAB owns 87 per cent of Narbol. Narbol also funds the cigar bill for board meetings which has been known to reach £800 for just one session.

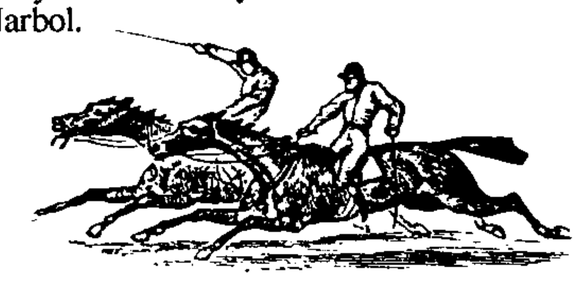
The result is an administration bill of £1.9 million, compared with a betting income of £12.6 million — and a tiny profit for the restive racecourse owners. In the year to March 1991 Narbol made a profit of just £26,673 — less than Bruce's salary.

It was also less than his expenses: in the same year he claimed £8,000 from Narbol, £10,000 as chairman of the NAB plus another £11,460 as chairman of the Bookmakers' Committee.

The directors have even drawn up service contracts for each other — guaranteeing themselves a lump sum when they retire, a handy scheme when their average age is 61. That resulted in Jim Westwell, also chairman of the Southern Bookmakers Protection Association, getting nearly £20,000 just for quitting the board.

Last year NAB vice-chairman Ken Overton decided he had had enough and successfully stood against Bruce, ousting him as NAB chairman. But then he announced a review of salaries and expenses in both organisations. The directors swiftly discovered he was elected "unconstitutionally", called another vote and reelected Bruce.

It looks, however, that it will be the commercial bookies who see Narbol into the grave where it belongs. They have spotted the huge profits to be made by taking over Narbol's exclusive franchises and are making tempting offers to racecourse owners. The knacker's yard now surely beckons for both Bruce and Narbol.



In the City

THE DEMISE of Ted Ball's Landhurst Leasing with debts of £120 million and assets somewhat considerably less could well add to the growing problems of unloved Philip Green as the Amber Day share price each week charts new lows.

Ball was part of the clique, to which Green belongs, who are united by a love of Tottenham Hotspur as well as their wallets. He sold his initial leasing company Mullionwood to Brengreen, where Spurs director and Green backer Tony Berry made his name. Landhurst has been involved in a property deal with Berry aimed at capitalising on proposed redevelopment plans for the area around the White Hart Lane stadium.

But Ball and Green also share another connection — Scotland Yard's favourite loan shark, Tony Schneider, who is also said to have some as yet undefined interest in the Spurs property plays. Schneider is believed to have introduced business to Landhurst in return for commissions. Indeed, there are those who suggest it was he (rather than Berry) who put his "good friend" Green and Landhurst together.

Certainly both Schneider and Green, together with Green's associate Harold Tillman, have done substantial business with Landhurst. A study of Landhurst leasing records reveal the company has been leasing exotic and expensive cars to Schneider's company, Eastcheap General Trading, since 1987. During that time Eastcheap has leased a Bentley Turbo R, two Mercedes (a 230 and a 300SL) and an Aston Martin Zagato. Somewhat excessive, it might be thought, for a 66-year-old who now describes himself as "a respectable businessman". It is not thought that this is the description contained in Schneider's police file.

Green's dealings with Landhurst have been much more wide-ranging and the question now is: what will be the impact of the arrival of the receivers?

As at January 1990, discount retailer Amber Day had lease contracts for fixtures, fittings and computers. But more interesting were the contracts held by a Philip Green (no relation?). He had leased not only fixtures and fittings, presumably for a home, but also a Cougar Sportscat powerboat which cost some £160,000. For this he was and presumably still is paying £2,000 a month. A year ago this agreement still had 55 months to run, meaning £110,000 was outstanding.

By 1989 Landhurst had also entered into a leasing agreement for a Mercedes 300SL with Harabel's, the clothes shop run by Green's wife which went into administration in April. It is not clear whether that contract is still current.

During 1990 Philip Green and Amber Day stepped up their business with Landhurst. The Review Clothing subsidiary signed a deal for fixtures and fittings and then for a Jaguar Sovereign and a Saab Turbo. A VW Golf was also leased by the Woodhouse subsidiary. At the end of last year Harold Tillman, fresh from the collapse of his Honorbilt clothing group during 1990, was involved in the purchase of the loss making Review and Woodhouse menswear shops. Amber Day had to write off £3 million in loans to persuade Tillman and partners, including Philip Start who sold Woodhouse to Amber Day and Green in 1989 for £1.5 million, to take them, plus Review, away at half that price.

Amber Day meanwhile leased a Bentley Turbo from Landhurst — presumably for Green. Meanwhile a Philip Green had been busy signing personal contracts to lease such unusual items as a fitted kitchen, carpets, curtains and furniture!

One unofficial estimate suggests Amber Day/Green/Harabel's could owe Landhurst up to £1,250,000 — no doubt a grotesque exaggeration. Receivers Arthur Andersen will be gratified to know that any liabilities can be easily met.

Which brings us to the less happy tale told by the Amber Day share price now lingering around 25p — a long, long way from the 129p peak of last November. Indeed, the shares have more than halved since June as Green has become far from What Everyone Wants.

Of growing interest to Green followers is what this may or may not mean for his finances. Green bought into Amber Day at 42.5p a share in August 1988. The deal cost him £3.08 million, usually reckoned to have come from his 1986 sale of a group of jeans companies to Lee Cooper. But he borrowed at least £300,000 guaranteed by Blue Arrow, then run by Berry who had backed his move into Amber Day. That loan was to be repaid in August 1989.

Two years ago Green spent £900,000 to take up two million shares in the rights issue at 45p which accompanied the purchase of the What Everyone Wants chain. He was able to part-finance that by selling his rights to another 2.5 million shares which he did not take up. His full rights would have cost £2 million.

Last year he sold his rights to almost all the three million more shares which were issued. This financed his take-up of shares costing £140,000. A full take-up would have cost more than £2.5 million. So Green's total investment in Amber Day would look to have cost £4.12 million.

What has generated unhelpful speculation about whether and to what extent Green has borrowed against his holding of 9,418,000 shares is the fact that only 60,250 of these shares are held in his own name. A nominee name used by the Barclays branch in Baker Street, which also would seem to have some interest in Green's home, holds 9,250,000. Banks often insist on holding shares in their nominee name when they lend against them. But clients also use bank nominees to disguise their investments. Which applies in this case is uncertain.

Just what are the loans, if any, against Green's Amber Day shares remains, therefore, a matter for debate. Perhaps it is time Green himself made the position clear.

But what is certain is that Green has an expensive lifestyle, is not unknown in casino circles and may well have lost money invested in his wife's business as he was the debenture holder who appointed as administrator the friendly Panos Eliades.

Also certain is that shares once worth £12 million are now worth just under £2.5 million, well below what Green paid.

● Green's pal Stephen Kay, who was investing heavily in Amber Day shares even as the price has headed south, can console himself with the fact that for last year his Intervision (London) video business made him one of Britain's best paid directors. Kay paid himself £921,000, up from £275,000, although profits were merely £69 higher at £19,977.

Kay has been involved in a major video deal with Amber Day from which approaching £1 million was still said to be outstanding earlier this year. This may explain why Intervision sales in the year to March 1991 almost quadrupled to nearly £10 million but the cost of these sales rose even more to £6.7 million, leaving little after salaries and other costs.

THE FAILURE of former Goldsmith acolytes Eric Levene and Michael Rivkin to pull off their proposed deal on Essex property group Danbury seems to have been the kiss of death. Dealings in Danbury shares have now been suspended "pending clarification of its financial position" — ie, is it insolvent?

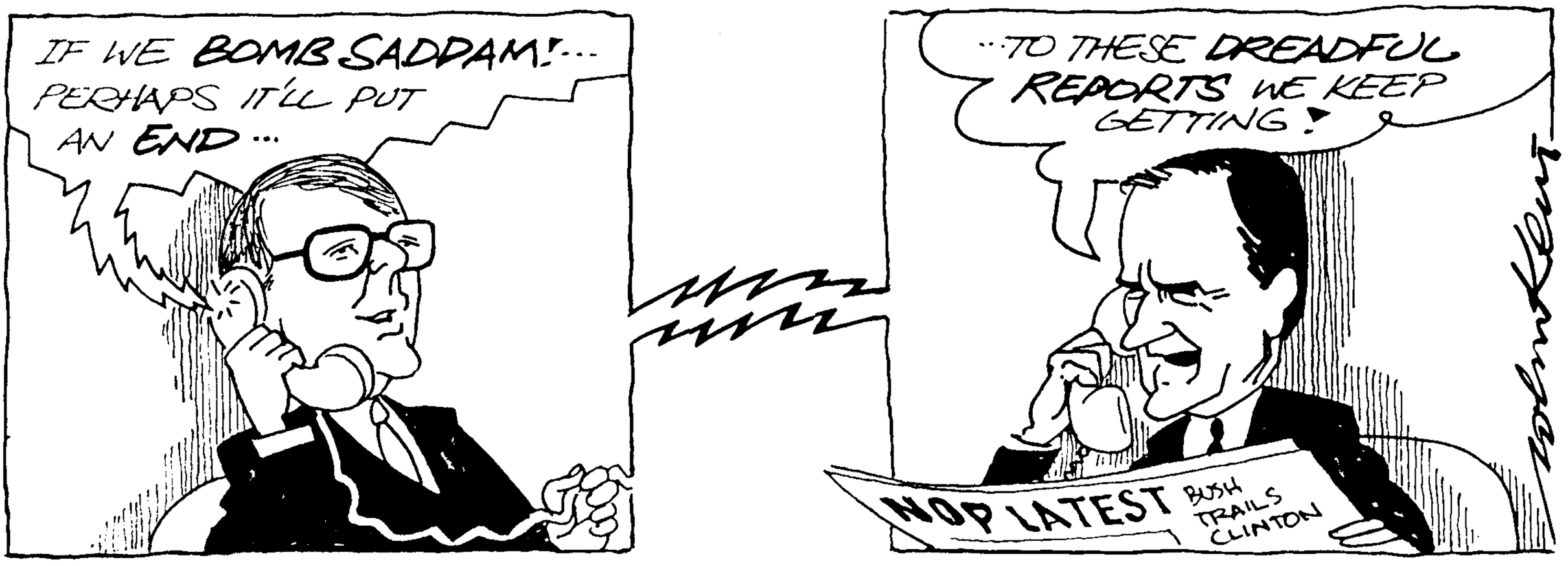
The Rivkin deal fell through some weeks ago, largely over price and the valuations for the properties he was bringing to the party. Some of Danbury's banks, it seems, were not entirely happy. Attempts to find another deal seem also to have fallen through.

IT SEEMS that as well as collecting a sum not unadjacent to £1 million from Cap'n Rob, "Lord" Bernard Donoughue was prepared to help Maxwell sell the London & Bishopsgate investment management business in whole or the Bishopsgate Investment Management part.

One interested party was Guinness Mahon, headed by Donoughue's old pal Geoffrey Bell. Bell, it seems, was hot to trot despite warnings from others who had examined L&B/BIM that the claimed computerised investment expertise touted by Maxwell crony Larry Trachtenberg was largely hype.

Eventually Guinness Mahon's Japanese owners turned down the deal. The rest is expensive history for victims such as the *Mirror* and Maxwell Communications pensioners. Donoughue had to settle for the consolation of his pay-off.

'Slicker'



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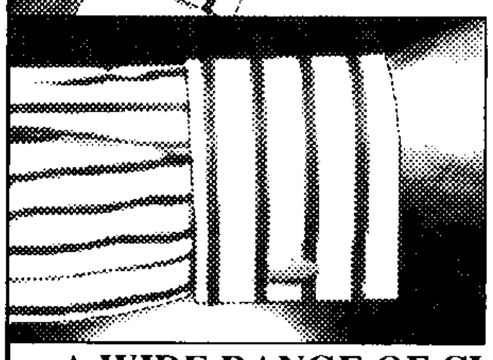

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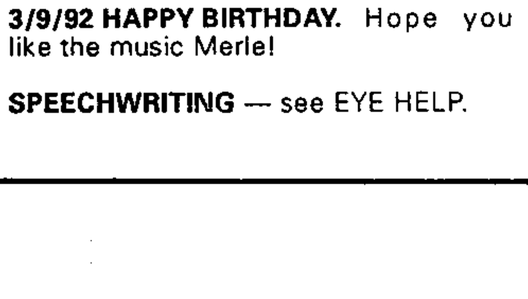

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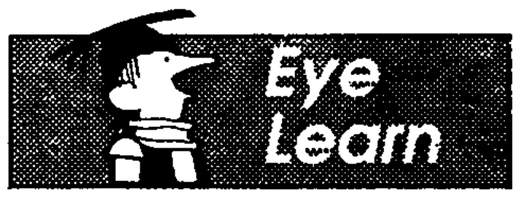

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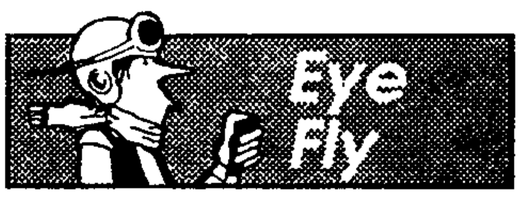

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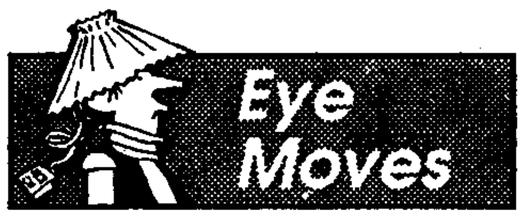

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CAMBRIDGE VET, stunning 33, seeks 30-40yr single n/s professional male partner (doctor, solicitor, etc.) to share fulfilling life with genuine integrity, respect and love. I'm upper middle class with traditional values and interests. Box 2701.

29 YRS OLD TEXAN born and raised, seeks strong-willed Englishman with wicked sense of humour! 5'8", hazel eyes, fascinated with all aspects of English customs. Photo & phone number appreciated. Box 2801.

TALL, DARK, SINGLE chap, 23, intelligent, successfulish, professionalish, seeking witty, intelligent lady. ALA. Box 2901.

VENUS SOUGHT by man, thirty, agreeable looks and temperament, phlegmatic and fit, for heavenly times. Box 3001.

CONFUSED ANGLO-CARRIBBEAN male 32 seeks West Indian female company to help him discover more about Caribbean culture. Box 3101.

OXFORD BUSINESSMAN, 44, 5'11", slim, seeks part-time mistress, long legs, low morals and submissive (two out of three acceptable) for champagne lunches and afternoons of lust. Box 3201.

SEMI-ATTACHED refined bloke, 34, has everything but'd like a bit of sparkle — age etc. unimportant, but must be scatty (and perhaps curvy). Box 3301.

HANDSOME AMUSING tall upper class chappie 35 with PhD seeks beautiful girl with brains, red nails and a *** like a peach. Box 3401.

FEDERALIST! 35 YM (expat single) living in Germany seeks similar girl. Box 3501.

OXFORD YOUNG MALE company director seeks nymphomaniac. Box 3601.

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PRETTY, CLEVER, thirtysomething woman, media job, seeks handsome unmarried man with height, brains and (leftish) heart. Photo please. Box 8201.

SLIM, PETITE lady, 41, would enjoy the companionship of an affluent gentleman for occasional/regular evenings in/out. London. Box 8301.

FIFTY BUT FIT, loving but lonely, married MD seeks lady for love over lunches. Discretion assured. Photos and phones. North East. Box 8401.

GOOD LOOKING TALL safely married man, successful entrepreneur, 44, seeks beautiful female for serious liaison. Some intelligence, good dress sense, outstanding figure all helpful. Box 8501.

LADY, KIND, honest, slim, tall, blonde 39 would like to meet sincere professional gentleman 39 to 60 with a view to marriage. Box 8601.

CITY-BASED professional, 50, loosely tied, seeks friendship with attractive lady 30-40, similarly disposed. No complications and discretion are important factors. Box 8701.

ATTRACTIVE, SLIM affectionate man (young 47, blond, cheeky blue eyes) seeks sensuous lady (30-50) for discreet midweek outings and innings. Hants/Sussex/London. Box 8801.

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DO GIRLS LIKE motor racing? Presentable 6 foot racing driver, young 45, needs slim lady to share his pits. Box 4001.

AGEING CHIPPENDALE (37) needs sensitive intelligent Essex girl to spice up the routine. SE/Midlands. Box 4101.

OXON BUSINESSMAN 54 but retired, looking for hedonistic lady for lunch and matinee performance leading to trips away if wanted. Photo guarantees reply. Box 4201.

ARE YOU CAREFREE, adventurous? Caravanner heading Med September seeks stimulating female companionship. Box 4701.

ATTRACTIVE FIT intelligent affectionate man 30s (irretrievably married) offers total discretion/respect to woman — unobtrusive relaxed relationship. Yorks. Box 4801.

BRIGHT LEFTWING male 30ish, slim n/s, seeks unconventional witty female. E. Anglia. Box 4901.

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Two readers

IRELAND, ANY PART — nice bloke, 38, likes fresh air, horses, bridge seeks nice blokess. Box 5001.

SENIOR OIL COMPANY executive, early 40s, attractive, intelligent, marriage in shreds, seeks clever, witty, 30s/40s lady to illuminate present/future. London/SE/Scotland/Holland. Box 5101.

RAUNCHY RELATIONSHIP: velvet-voiced, vital, tactile, tender, together, deep-thinking, discerning, liberated, 6'2" gentleman desires busty, slenderish, independent lady (38-53) West London. Box 5201.

ARE YOU WIDOWED or partner impotent or disabled? Genuine 45 year old male seeks older female for beneficial relationship. Discretion and confidentiality essential. North London/Herts or Berkshire. Box 3801.

VIVACIOUS SLIM attractive female graduate, 32, with SW1 lifestyle finds single men of breeding with wit and humour elusive. Sails, skis, and selective. Box 4301.

DIVORCED EXECUTIVE evidently attractive mid-40s 6' and horny seeks tall attractive slim blonde 35-45 and fun-loving for the good things in life which he's missing. Your photo and letter brings mine in return. West Country. Box 4401.

BACHELOR (43) humorous, romantic, self-assured, sensitive and strong seeks intelligent, warm-hearted, slim lady with sparkle. Photo shouldn't matter but I'm human and it helps. Box 4501.

ATTRACTIVE, EDUCATED caring and outgoing female mid-30s seeks similar male. Photograph appreciated. Box 4601.

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BORED STIFF, London, seeks female incumbent. Box 5801.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE female, 27, enjoys music, travel, horseriding, cinema, theatre, invites replies from dynamic, intelligent, stimulating men for friendship/romance/love. Photo appreciated. Box 5901.

BERKSHIRE MALE, 42, into music and marriage, photography and psychology, erotica and all things bizarre, seeks lady to share interests, home and happiness. Box 6001.

PROFESSIONAL MALE solvent fiftyish enjoys travel music theatre art and eating out looking for attractive lady 35-45 years to put some fun back in life. Surrey/London but can travel. Box 6101.

FEMALE ARTIST 34 joyful, sensitive, vulnerable, strong, seeks similar real male 5'9"+. Photo please. Box 6201.

MALE 40 GOODLOOKING tall slim securely married seeks married woman 30-45 for discreet affair. Camberley/W. London. Photo appreciated. Box 6301.

FEMALE, 38, scruffy but attractive, intelligent but neurotic, into walking, talking and psychotherapy, looking for man 30-45 for friendship first. N. London/Home Counties. Box 6401.

MALE 42 SEEKS intelligent independent woman for discussion, laughter, sharing. Manchester/NW. Box 6501.

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MALE TWENTY something seeks female age and looks unimportant for loving relationship, must be sincere, and romantic, phone no. essential. Box 6801.

MALE, 35, SLIM, fit, professional and happy, would like a decent single girlfriend who likes travel and wild places. Avon. Box 6901.

RESTAURATEUR, YOUNG 46 seeks attractive intelligent female 25-40 to spoil and share the good things in life. (West Country). Recent photo and tel. no. please. Box 7001.

WHITE MALE, 30, fit, lean, 6', intelligent, quick-witted and adventurous, seeks generous, attractive lady to spoil and pamper him. Age, nationality, marital status unimportant. Letter and photo guarantees good return. Box 7101.

SIZE 10 STYLISH blond woman 44 professional career no ties seeks male friend. Box 7201.

SHY WEALTHY MALE 28 seeks sexy (buxom) lady for love lessons. Mediterranean cruise awaits suitable candidate. Glasgow/anywhere. Box 7301.

MARRIED MAN 35 seeks safely married attractive bright woman for discreet relationship, Midlands. Photo please. Box 7401.

LONDON PROFESSIONAL man (42) seeks sexy lady for steamy relationship, 081 444 8950 (home) 071 722 1560 (office).

VIVACIOUS SPORTY female, 20s, loves opera and witty conversation seeks educated chaps in London with similar interests and as much charisma as Caruso. Box 7501.

LOVELY LIVELY lithe learned lady (33) lurking in London lacks a "Lysander" with laughs, lineage, lucre and a liking for Lafite (Rothschild). Box 7601.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 47, seeks beautiful, intelligent, educated, sexy lady for passion and romance. London. Box 7701.

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BORED BLONDE, married, needs athletic man for discreet passionate liaison. Box 5601.

MID FIFTIES FIT academic, interested in theatre, reading, talking and some exercise, would like to meet slim, forty-something, emotionally articulate woman, probably a Guardian reader, who might be interested in the same things. Box 5701.

MALE 36 N/S single again, normal seeks unappreciated but safely married woman 25-40 for uncomplicated discreet relationship. London. Box 2201.

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"I'M TOO SEXY for my shellsuit". Male, 27, 5'9, balding, specs, likes swimming, travel and cinema seeks warm sensual sporting lass for romance and fun, late 20s, London based. Box 4696.

AFFLUENT AND SINGLE businessman, 47, seeks younger attractive female to pamper. London area. Box 9599.

SUCCESSFUL MALE, 40, seeks kind, intelligent female friend. Box 3199.

EXPAT AGED 30 seeks affectionate N/West lady to pamper him on UK holidays. Box 5700.

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BEAUTIFUL SENSUAL solvent lady (30s) North East seeks seductive professional solvent gentleman. Box 5301.

SLIM ATTRACTIVE MALE, dark, tallish, 39, married, seeks attractive female, curvy and heavy build, possibly similar circumstances, for discreet fun. Surrey/London. Photo appreciated. Box 9001.

SINGLE MALE, 30, shy, intelligent, workaholic, loner, seeks lover/confidante. Photo appreciated. Berks. Box 9101.

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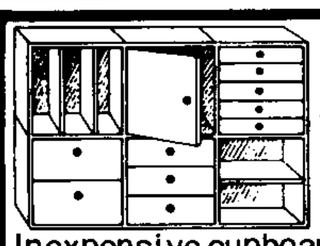

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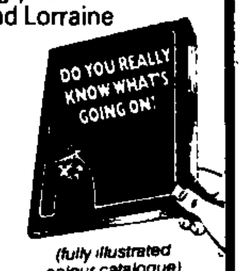

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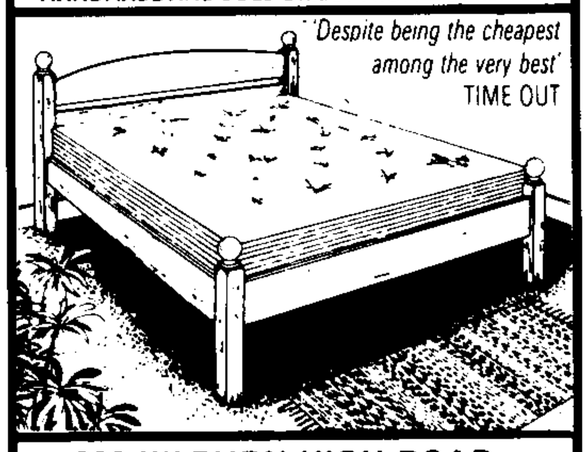

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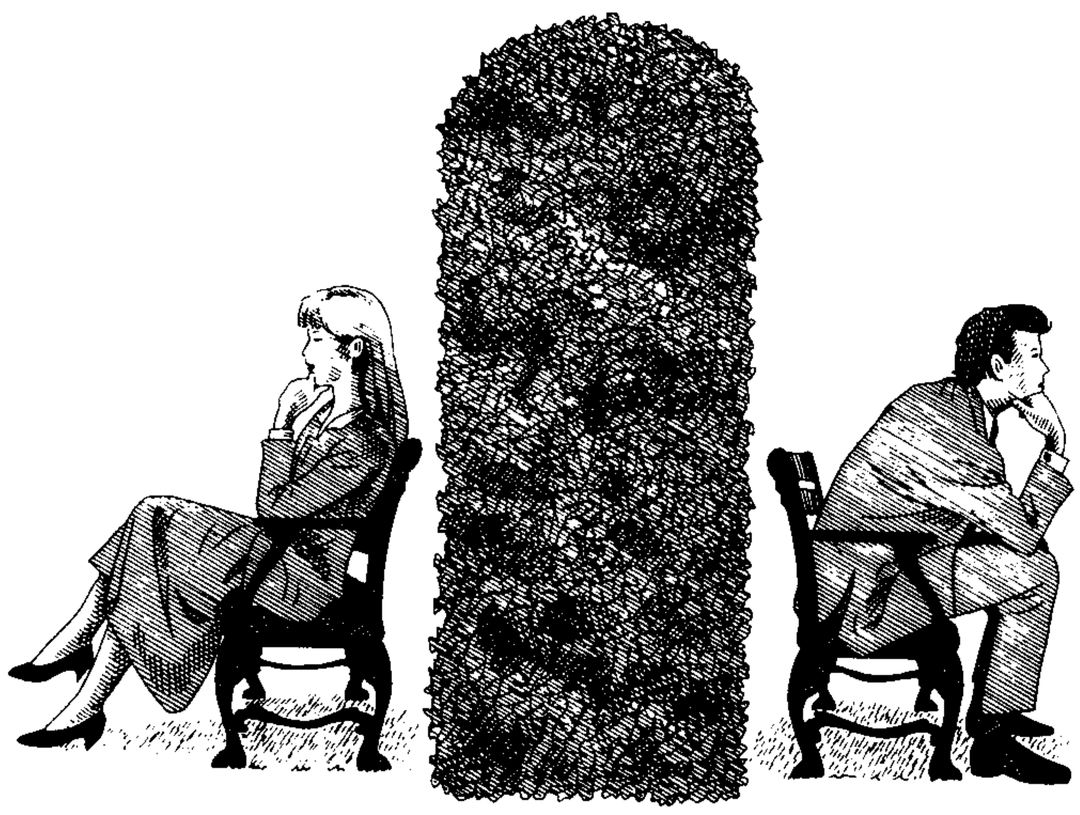

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